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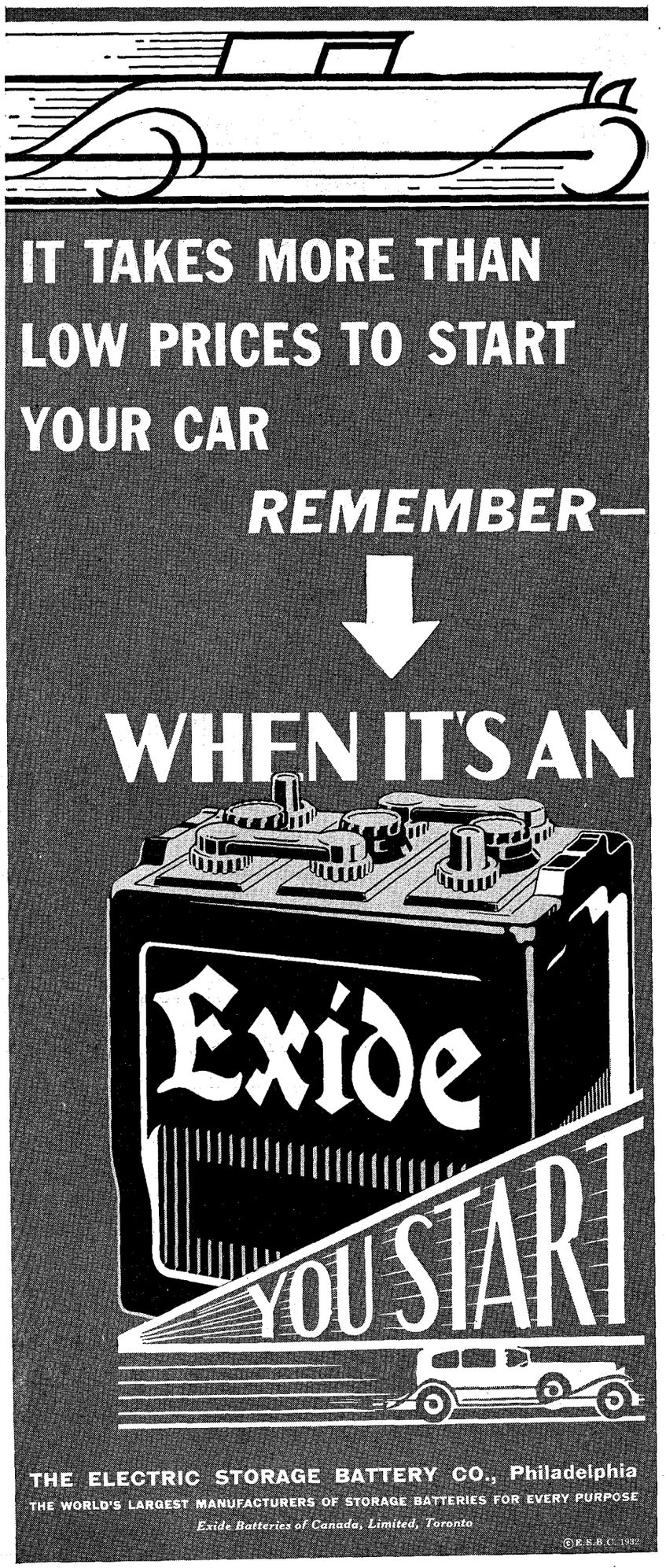

CONTENTS

THE LITERARY DIGEST
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TOPICS OF THE DAY
Statesmen Scurry as the Poll Hits 3,040,036 . 5
The Wet-Dry Victory in Congress 7
No "Stop Roosevelt" in North Dakota . . . 8
Johnson's Attack on the Foreign Loan "Racket" 9
The Groaning Taxpayer Begins to Roar . . . 10
To Have Uncle Sam Guarantee Bank Deposits 12
Labor's Anti-Injunction Victory 13
Topics in Brief 14

FOREIGN COMMENT
Hindenburg Making Germany Safe for Everybody 15
Germany's War Help to England 16
Famine Looms in Soviet Russia 17
Japan Fears Soviet Competition 17
Crushing India's Red Shirts 18

LETTERS AND ART
The One and Only Eilshemius 19
How Changing Words Go Down-Hill 20
A Ziegfeld First Night 20
The Cover 20
Sousa Marches On 21

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE
Fighting Flaming Higher Over Military Training 22
The Newspaper in Child Education 23
Testament. Poem 23
Concessions to God 24
Does the Press Bait the Preacher? 24

CURRENT POETRY
Things That Matter 28
Open Season 28
The Lean Dog 28
"Spirichel" in His New Mood 28
In Grandmother's Day 28
Wind-Tortured Land 28
Gold 28

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
An Industrial Fairy-Tale 32
Electric Death-Lure for Mosquitoes 34
Weighing Atoms 34
The First Robin 34
Wheeling With the Milky Way 37
Killing Paderewski's Echoes 37
One Lock With 24 Different Keys 37

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
The Kidnapers' Threat to American Homes . 38
Tiniest School Due to a Mother's Grit . . . 44
King Bruin: Shall We Let Him Keep His Throne? 46
Hope for the Chestnut 48
Elevators for Fish 49
Snap-Shots of the Snap-Shot King 50
New Discoveries About Taste 53
How's Your Luck? 54

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
The Passing of Ivar Kreuger 56
The Gold Cure for Depression 58

MISCELLANEOUS
The Lexicographer's Easy Chair 59
The Spice of Life 60

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1932

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

Statesmen Scurry as the Poll Hits 3,040,036

GUSTS OF DRY-WET ACTIVITY in both big parties have turned a glare of flash-lights on the accumulating figures of THE DIGEST's monster straw vote.

An air of urgency prevails.

Robins, crocuses, and Presidential conventions are practically around the corner, and the dry-wet problem is on the carpet in both parties.

The strategists of Washington are astir. In another article, on a neighboring page of this issue, we deal with a recent exciting tussle in Congress over the first roll-call vote on constitutional Prohibition during the life of the Eighteenth Amendment.

On the morning of the day when it was to happen, the New York *Herald Tribune* cited our 20,000,000 ballot referendum as a signpost to the dry-wet lay of the land. After sketching recent developments and trends in the Prohibition field, it added:

"Meanwhile public sentiment even in the so-called dry States is registering an unmistakably vigorous, if informal, protest against the discredited experiment by way of the LITERARY DIGEST poll. And the Presidential campaign, in which a new House must be elected, looms in the offing."

Wake Up!

—Westerman in the Ohio "State Journal."

AND now the same paper's Washington correspondent, Theodore C. Wallen, tells us of Republican leaders, assembled as the committee on arrangements for the Republican National Convention, going into a huddle over "the problem of what to do in the platform about the Eighteenth Amendment."

This problem, says Mr. Wallen, "dominated all the informal conferences, since there was no controversy on the party's attitude toward economic problems."

The meat of this Washington dispatch is concentrated in its head-lines thus:

"Republicans Ready to Hear Dry Act Plank" and "Leaders Agree Party Has Duty to Face Issue, Lay Plans for Show-down at Convention in Chicago."

The power of the dry opposition to be expected in the convention is thus hinted at by Mr. Wallen:

"With Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, outstanding orator and parliamentarian of the party, leading the dry forces, a great convention struggle is considered as certain. Both sides are planning for it, and the President is remaining neutral."

Again, in a later dispatch, this correspondent assures us that "all the signs suggest a strong possibility that one or both of the major parties will declare for resubmission (of the Eighteenth Amendment) in the national conventions."

And that is just one of the many signs of the times which seem to indicate that THE DIGEST was well guided in choosing these early months of this fateful year for another and greater Prohibition poll, which would be the greatest straw vote in history.

Practical men of public affairs don't question the information furnished by DIGEST polls. They've known them too long, and seen them proved to the hilt. They know, too, that THE DIGEST is just as impartial toward Prohibition as toward the tariff, the dole, war debts, the League of Nations, or any other public question that might reach an acute stage and become a judicious subject or a national straw vote.

The interest of the whole country in the present poll is testified abundantly by the continued arrival of mail-bags stuffed with dry and wet ballots.

OVER three million votes, including almost half a million new ones, are tallied in the sixth report of the poll, which appears on the next page.

Now is the time for our percentage-minded readers to seize their pads and pencils. When they attack the totals they will discover that the dry vote has climbed from 24.46 per cent. (its proportion last week) to 25.10 per cent.

In other words, the wets can no longer boast of a three-to-one edge on their opponents. It's two and a big fraction to one, it's 74.90 to 25.10, it's within one-tenth of 1 per cent. of three to one, but no longer is it actually three to one.

Will the drys be able to hang on to their gains?

Judging from the way they have improved their position, little by little from the very outset of the poll, they have a fighting chance of smothering that three-to-one bogy for keeps.

Remember that they've already forged ahead from 15.85 per cent. (in the first report) to their present 25.10 per cent.

Faithful Kansas, with increased returns, has again improved her dry standing. Still the solitary Sahara of the poll, she has raised her percentage to 53.34. Last week it was 53 flat.

Nobody can tell what may happen yet in this poll.

All the States are now in the round-up. Fifty names in the left-hand column.

Yes, we said fifty. Little D. C. makes forty-nine, and then, at the bottom of the list, we find our old friend, State Unknown,

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Sixth Report of the Literary Digest Prohibition Poll

State	Favor Continuance of Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment	Favor Repeal of Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment	Total
Alabama	4,857	6,863	11,720
Arizona	250	796	1,046
Arkansas	6,070	6,411	12,481
California	22,411	69,477	91,888
Colorado	5,203	8,182	13,385
Connecticut	8,642	46,875	55,517
Delaware	1,592	4,312	5,904
District of Columbia	1,966	6,930	8,896
Florida	3,385	9,866	13,251
Georgia	11,660	20,745	32,405
Idaho	798	1,683	2,481
Illinois	38,446	171,687	210,133
Indiana	51,176	108,540	159,716
Iowa	18,241	30,084	48,325
Kansas	22,277	19,481	41,758
Kentucky	11,406	24,886	36,292
Louisiana	1,974	8,824	10,798
Maine	5,314	10,906	16,220
Maryland	11,679	39,355	51,034
Massachusetts	32,699	123,139	155,838
Michigan	20,913	72,929	93,842
Minnesota	12,582	39,715	52,297
Mississippi	3,498	5,522	9,020
Missouri	16,391	42,217	58,608
Montana	692	2,698	3,390
Nebraska	9,429	15,405	24,834
Nevada	36	237	273
New Hampshire	4,464	9,334	13,798
New Jersey	26,530	156,850	183,380
New Mexico	478	1,229	1,707
New York	67,399	388,641	456,040
North Carolina	25,589	26,082	51,671
North Dakota	1,802	5,060	6,862
Ohio	85,106	222,012	307,118
Oklahoma	12,306	14,955	27,261
Oregon	4,628	9,978	14,606
Pennsylvania	112,418	340,298	452,716
Rhode Island	2,559	13,535	16,094
South Carolina	3,158	5,702	8,860
South Dakota	2,167	4,380	6,547
Tennessee	12,176	13,567	25,743
Texas	18,292	28,105	46,397
Utah	663	1,478	2,141
Vermont	3,253	7,650	10,903
Virginia	20,820	37,426	58,246
Washington	6,195	14,604	20,799
West Virginia	12,270	22,719	34,989
Wisconsin	8,937	44,974	53,911
Wyoming	564	1,998	2,562
State Unknown	7,814	8,519	16,333
	763,175	2,276,861	3,040,036

whose tally consists of ballots on which the voters neglected to write the names of their several States.

Six débutante States now make their bows—Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, and Utah.

Not one of them could truthfully sing "How dry I am!"

Appropriately enough, the nearest approach to dryness among them is found in the returns from Senator Borah's home State. They're very small returns so far, but the percentage in favor of the continuance of the Eighteenth Amendment is 32.16.

The dry percentages of the other débutante States are:

Arizona, 23.90; Montana, 20.41; Nevada, 13.18; New Mexico, 28; Utah, 30.96.

But here's some dry encouragement. North Carolina is rapidly overhauling Kansas, and seems to be getting ready to jump over the 50 per cent. fence into dry territory.

All along she has hovered near the border-line, but on the wet side. Last week her dry percentage was 48.32. This week it is 49.52. Watch that lady jump!

Doubtless the whole country will breathe easier when and if faithful Kansas finds a companion in aridity.

Only four other States show up with less than 60 per cent. of humidity. These are Alabama, 58.56 per cent. for repeal; Arkansas, 51.37 per cent.; Oklahoma, 54.86 per cent., and Tennessee, 52.71 per cent.

It takes thirteen States, *The Herald Tribune* reminds us, "to defeat a proposed change in the Constitution," and it proceeds to deduce from the Digest poll the names of the thirteen States which would have to be considered by the wets in any attempt to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment.

These observations are based upon an earlier report of the poll, but the percentages have not changed enough to upset the reasoning. Of the total votes then tabulated, "something less than one-quarter favor retention, the rest repeal," notes the editorial, continuing:

"Possibly it is too early yet to say that the showing is representative, but most significant are the returns of a parallel poll conducted by the Wichita *Beacon* in the town of Wichita, Kansas.

"Reduced to percentages the Digest canvass so far reveals 42.1 for continuance, 57.9 for repeal; *The Beacon's* 42.79 for continuance and 57.21 for repeal.

"In other words, here in a so-called dry city in the driest of our States a local check on Prohibition sentiment demonstrates that The Literary Digest has already got the measure of the popular support behind the 'noble experiment.'

"But, to be conservative, let us assume that as the poll progresses the drys will display greater strength. To date returns have been received from thirty-eight of the forty-eight States, of which only one, Kansas, gives a majority for the amendment. Five others, however—namely, Alabama, Arkansas, North Carolina, Oklahoma, and Tennessee—register minorities which may become majorities before the canvass is complete.

"Here are six States, then, which in a generous estimate may be conceded to the cause of national Prohibition. Ten are still to be heard from. Of these at least half—probably more—will prove overwhelmingly wet, leaving at the most eleven States in the dry column.

"Now, as every one is aware, it takes thirteen States to defeat a proposed change in the Constitution, and repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, in whatever guise it might be offered to the country, would, of course, constitute such a change. Let us suppose that Congress is prevailed upon to propose repeal for ratification not by State legislatures but by conventions elected by the people for the sole purpose of passing on this question.

"Could repeal be defeated to-day? Certainly not on the strength of The Literary Digest's figures."

The question of the thirteen dry States is also pounced upon by the Springfield (Mass.) *Union*. It also deduces their identities from our poll figures and calculates that "58.2 per cent. of the voters in these driest States are for repeal."

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The Wet-Dry Victory in Congress

IT'S A STRANGE FIGHT when both sides win.

But that's the very thing that seems to have happened in Congress, last week, when both sides profest cause for satisfaction after the first test vote in twelve years on the general question of national Prohibition.

The drys, winning the actual vote by 227 to 187, hailed the result, as the Boston *Herald* notes, to prove that official sentiment still supports the amendment. And the wets, on the other hand, "polling a slightly larger total than they had dared to predict, point to the tremendous change in opinion, both popular and official, since the Amendment was ratified." But maybe, says the Boston paper, they both lost—"the drys were forced to yield ground, while the wets must agree that the hope of repeal is still several years distant."

But there is one thing that everybody agrees on. It is that the Prohibition issue splits both parties right in two. The resolution was not directly on Prohibition, but simply whether the House would call up for a vote the Beck-Linthicum resolution for a State's rights Prohibition amendment to the Constitution. Notice the way the parties divided. Voting for the resolution were 97 Republicans and 90 Democrats. Against it were 112 Republicans, 114 Democrats, and 1 Farmer-Laborite.

Both wets and drys, writes a New York *Sun* correspondent, believe "that the unexpected wet strength exhibited in the House will push the Prohibition question definitely to the fore among campaign issues, and that it will be impossible for either party to evade the subject in its convention at Chicago." Both sides, continues this writer, are watching such expressions of public opinion as THE LITERARY DIGEST'S poll in order to determine where and to what extent the wets may expect to register new gains. Incidentally, it is pointed out that public opinion, as reflected by the DIGEST poll, is decidedly wetter than public opinion as represented by the Congressmen who voted on the Beck-Linthicum resolution. It seems to the *Sun* correspondent that—

"If the wets succeed in defeating at the polls in November any great number of members who refused to vote with them yesterday, they can count upon the support of additional numbers of undefeated members who will have seen the light.

"On the other hand, should they fail to make any great gains, a great deal of the momentum which now propels the wet cause will have been lost, and flagging popular interest may prevent any final decision on the matter for years."

DAVID LAWRENCE of the Consolidated Press notices that in wet sections both Republicans and Democrats are wet, and in the dry sections, both are dry. In other words, Prohibition loses its significance as an issue in both the predominantly wet and predominantly dry districts, but—

"There are a number of districts in which the issue has always been doubtful, and where the drys and wets have been fighting continuously since Prohibition became law.

"In such districts, the fighting has just begun. Whoever voted wet will have the combined strength of the drys against him, and whoever voted dry will be under constant attack from the wet organizations, which are better financed and more powerful now than when the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted.

"The wets are a long distance from getting the Eighteenth Amendment revised or repealed. They have made progress in the last decade, to be sure, and they are in high hopes that the roll-call just taken will furnish a concrete basis on which to secure more strength at the polls next autumn, but the only significance for the moment is that the wets are getting stronger and are better organized for the fray, and that both parties will feel the effects of the Prohibition issue in certain localities.

"As to bringing about State control or some other vital modification through constitutional processes, it is certainly not just around the corner, as is popularly believed in so many urban centers."

It used to be said that the Anti-Saloon League tried to defeat any member of Congress who voted wet. Now, says Morris D. Ervin of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, the wets are openly undertaking to do the same thing, and they "are much better organized than they have ever been before." For instance:

"The Association Against the Eighteenth Amendment has set up organizations in twenty-six States, and the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform now has organizations in twenty-five States. Judging from outward appearances

Yes, but It's Getting Rougher

—Sykes in the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger."

these organizations are financially stronger than the dry organizations. They are not financially stronger than the dry organizations were, but they are stronger than the dry organizations are now; it is the present that counts."

At this time, we read in a United Press dispatch from Washington, appearing in the New York *Sun:*

"Dry strategy is to prevent at least one party from going wet and resist the drift toward resubmission. They have mapped out 15,000 meetings, many of which have been held, and are gathering 10,000,000 signatures, one-half as total abstinence pledges and half as dry pledges to be used before the national conventions."

LEADING drys like Senator Sheppard of Texas and Edwin C. Dinwiddie, Executive Secretary of the National Prohibition Board of Strategy, express confidence based on the idea that the wets are very far from commanding anything like the two-thirds vote in both Houses needed to resubmit the Eighteenth Amendment. As Mr. Sheppard puts it, "their attempt is utterly hopeless."

"The enemies of Prohibition were squelched properly," declares the dry Denver *Post* with satisfaction. Now, it says, "the wets should admit defeat and cease their agitation." In the opinion of the Colorado daily:

"Attempts to change or repeal Prohibition serve no useful purpose. All they do is breed disrespect for the law and give encouragement to the criminal classes which make a business of violating the law."

Drys should welcome the challenge presented by the large wet vote in the House, in the opinion of the Boston *Christian*

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Science Monitor. It all means work for the drys, but, we are told, it "also means opportunity":

"It means an opportunity to make the coming campaign another season of education on the benefits and practicality of Prohibition, to bring out the facts in answer to cynical misrepresentations, and to emphasize the every-day necessity of a sober America.

"There is reason to expect that the sentiment already is being molded which, if dynamically maintained, will check the wet drive long before it can destroy the Prohibition amendment, and will in time carry observance of the law to new heights."

Both drys and wets pay their respects to the DIGEST poll. The dry Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press* says, "the DIGEST vote is largely a protest vote against things as they are," to which people who endorse present conditions pay very little attention, and—

"It has been the same way in Congress. The wets have been bombarding Congressmen with literature and stirring up a great noise, while the drys have been sitting back and doing little, with the assurance that Congress is dry, and that the wets can not prevail."

The substantial dry majority of forty votes must be viewed, in the opinion of the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun*, "as representing the sentiment of the nation, as exprest through their Congressmen, at a tense hour when the wets had fired their heaviest ammunition. It was a major test."

BUT the great mass of newspaper opinion—particularly urban opinion—takes the vote in the House as a sign of a progressive Congressional shift away from Prohibition. This comparatively close margin—a shift of twenty-one votes would have changed the result—is contrasted by wet papers with the tremendous majorities given the Eighteenth Amendment, the Volstead Law, and the Jones act. Public sentiment is turning against Prohibition, says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "and the LITERARY DIGEST poll, three to one wet, is a fairly accurate barometer of the change." Incidentally, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Newark *News*, and Richmond *News-Leader* are among other papers which make the same point.

"Prohibition is doomed," concludes the Philadelphia *Record*. "The break has come," the Akron *Beacon-Journal* is convinced; "every election will only magnify the popular demand for an action that will destroy a rum power infinitely worse than the licensed traffic which the nation to its confusion thought it was outlawing." And in the Baltimore *Sun* we read:

"It now is only a question of time before the outer wall of national Prohibition, the Volstead Law, will crumble before a majority in Congress. What has been happening, and what is still happening in ever-increasing measure, is that the middle, moderate classes are swinging against national Prohibition because they see before their eyes overwhelming evidence that it is a disaster. Added to all the original opponents, the people who simply wanted freedom to drink, the people who were not concerned with drink primarily, but resented invasion of personal liberty, and the constitutionalists who saw a calamitous departure from the ancient principles of local self-government—added to all of these is a greater number of people who are enormously imprest by the stark, bald facts of wholesale crime and corruption that meet the eye on every hand, by the scandalous breakdown of government and order and decency."

AND the New York *World-Telegram* of the Scripps-Howard chain looks ahead:

"If the popular revolt against Prohibition continues at its present speed one more election may be enough to create in Congress the two-thirds necessary to submit to the people an amendment allowing dry States to be dry and wet States to be wet. That will be self-government."

"The fight is all but won," says Representative J. C. Linthicum (Md.), leader of the Democratic wets; "all we need now is one more election." "No one," says James M. Beck, leader of wet Republican Representatives, "can be blind to the fact that the result was a moral victory for the wet cause."

No "Stop Roosevelt" in North Dakota

FROM THE PRAIRIES OF NORTH DAKOTA with their wheat fields and wild roses come only ten delegates to the Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

But the choice of delegates means much to a couple of Governors contesting for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

For Gov. William H. Murray of Oklahoma, notes an Associated Press correspondent in Fargo, "it was the first election test since his candidacy was announced." For Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York, "it meant the first measuring of his strength outside of New York."

The result, in fact, means more to Roosevelt since he carried the State in spite of the strenuous campaigning of "Alfalfa Bill." Roosevelt supporters have been wondering how the Murray slogan, "Bread, Butter, Beans and Bacon," would react on a rural population sensitive to radical appeals. The New Yorker's success, declares his strong supporter, Senator Dill of Washington, "places him so far out in front that there seems little probability that favorite-son candidates will have any chance." As Mr. Dill puts it:

"To win the primaries in conservative New Hampshire and in radical North Dakota, and to secure the delegates of the Minnesota convention all in one week, is stopping the 'Stop Roosevelt Movement' with a vengeance.

"The unusually large Democratic vote in the North Dakota primary was made up of the votes of many progressives and nonpartizans as well as Democrats. The result is an index to the sentiment of the independent voters of the country because North Dakota has long been recognized as the barometer of independent political sentiment of the nation.

"In New Hampshire and Minnesota Roosevelt overcame Smith. In North Dakota he defeated Murray. In fact, victory is becoming a Roosevelt habit."

BUT "Alfalfa Bill" Murray's large vote in the North Dakota preferential primary "simply confirms the belief that this Oklahoman has in him the makings of a leader of agrarian discontent," argues the Richmond *News-Leader*—

"The East may smile and the South may blush at some of Murray's acts, but the Western farmer understands him. If Murray had the eloquence of Bryan, a prolonged period of distress in the farming districts of the West might make him as formidable as 'the Commoner' was in 1896."

The thing that worries Democratic party leaders in Washington, according to the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, is a fear that the big Murray vote in North Dakota "portends the formation of a third party with the Oklahoman at its head, and that he has had in his mind all along not the chance of victory within his own party ranks but the opportunity for heading a ticket that will appeal to radical elements in all parties in the West and Southwest particularly."

Turning to another phase of the North Dakota primary, we note the extremely large vote polled by the Democrats—the biggest on record—and the very small one polled in the Republican primary.

One reason for this, according to North Dakota correspondents, was that there was practically no contest on the Republican side, as President Hoover's name did not even appear on the preference ballot, altho he is expected to get the North Dakota vote in the convention, the delegates not being absolutely bound by the preferential vote. As a Fargo writer for the Associated Press puts it, the Democratic primary was heavily invaded by the Republicans, "who saw a better fight in the Democratic party contest than they could muster in their own party."

And yet a North Dakota authority, Senator Nye (Ind. Rep.), sees in the record Democratic vote a "growing displeasure over the failure of the Republican Administration to forward any program looking to the restoration of agriculture."

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Johnson's Attack on the Foreign Loan "Racket"

"IF EVER THERE WAS A RACKET imposed on the American people, that racket was the one imposed by bankers on American investors."

"Shameful and even infamous" was "the exploitation of the American investing public."

Slashing at our international bankers, assailing the Government, Senator Johnson, heavy-set, gray-haired Californian, makes the sparks fly in the Senate as he unfolds "a sordid tale, at once grotesque and tragic"—the story of American foreign loans.

Declaring that the loans to sixteen European countries had depreciated $742,000,000 in value, and South American issues by $1,175,000,000, of which $815,468,300 is in default, he said:

"That there should have been unloaded bonds of this character upon the small investor in our country, upon the representations of international bankers, whose fortunes exceed the wildest dreams of avarice, is appalling."

Three contributing causes are blamed for the "disastrous events" of the last few years:

"The money madness of our people, the greed and even worse of international bankers, and the smug complacency and supine indifference of government have contributed to the unhappy result."

This savage attack climaxes the investigation of foreign financing made by the Finance Committee under Senator Johnson's direction. In it he carefully summarized the results of that investigation.

"Senator Johnson's bitterest complaints, his most emphatic challenge to the operations of bond-selling bankers," says the United Press correspondent, "was reserved for dealers in Latin-American issues." Quoting the Senator direct:

"It is utterly inconceivable that international bankers did not know what the best-informed public opinion of Latin-American countries was fully cognizant of.

"The bankers simply did not heed the facts. They gave no thought to the impoverishment of American citizens who trusted them.

"They acted, apparently, only for the profits. They were perfectly willing by their loans to maintain dictators in power, and to be party to the suppression of every natural right of citizens of South American republics.

"Indeed, they contributed the money in some instances for the destruction of liberty itself, and heavy upon them is the responsibility not only for the financial ruin of a vast number of American citizens, but for the destruction of personal and political rights in Latin-American States."

SOUTH AMERICAN loans, he charged, "were sometimes made to go hand in hand with concessions, out of which princely profits might be realized," and "the means by which some loans were obtained in Latin America were little short of infamous."

Turning to the matter of war debts, he again hit hard:

"Our people, all of them, have had imposed upon them one moratorium, an additional burden of $250,000,000, utilized to pay short-term securities of international bankers.

"The high moralists among these bankers will doubtless persuade our government, if essential to protect their own holding, to grant further moratoria, and, indeed, if they can have their way, to scale down the debts due to all of the people of the United States that they may realize their own; and then, with statesmanlike seriousness, we'll debate again the balancing of our budget and the necessity for additional taxes upon our people."

Turning to the constructive side, the Senator had this to say:

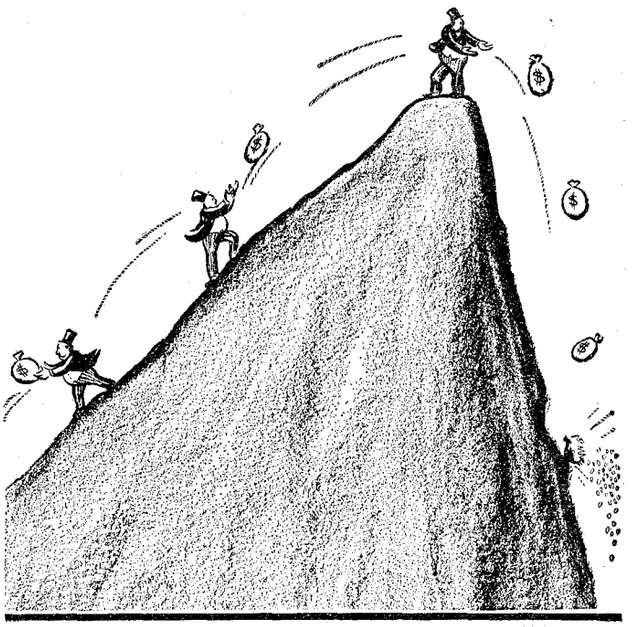
"Had I the power, I would take this government out of the lethargy that has characterized it. I would awaken it to its responsibilities to its investing public.

"I would make it the arbiter in the offering of foreign securities and thus compel it to do that which it has, in the interest of international bankers, so carefully avoided, express itself so that, instead of deceiving the American public, it may enlighten it."

THROUGHOUT his two-hour speech, Senator Johnson had the close attention of the Senate, we read, and, when he had finished, Senators crowded around his desk to congratulate him.

"Senator Johnson has introduced three bills to regulate the flotation of foreign bonds in future," writes Kenneth Clark, correspondent of Universal Service:

"The first requires full publicity for all proposed loans, the information to be filed with the Secretary of Commerce.



How Loans Were Made to South America

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

"The second bill provides for the establishment of a foreign loan board with power to scrutinize all foreign-loan proposals and reject those unsound.

"The third measure imposes stiff penalties for any one floating the bonds of a foreign country already in default on its obligations to the United States Government or people."

A FEW quotations will show the trend of editorial opinion on the Johnson speech.

The Senator, says the New York *Herald Tribune*, "would put the Government into the investment counsel business, and its marines (it would be the inevitable result) into the task of debt-collection."

Some papers recall the statement issued by the State Department in January, denying responsibility for any losses to American investors, and pointing out that its advice to bankers dealt entirely with political aspects of the flotations.

"Senator Johnson, of course, makes the most of a situation which could not have been foreseen, and questions the motives of men whose actions seemed soundly based at the time we were lending vast amounts abroad," says the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. It adds:

"Senator Johnson's indictment of international bankers is a true bill, but there are many other factors in the present situation that he leaves out of account."

"Whether all the provisions in the Johnson bill are desirable or not," asserts the Houston *Post*, "there is certainly need for the Government to protect the public from a repetition of such unloading of foreign paper on it, as occurred during the years after the war."

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The Groaning Taxpayer Begins to Roar

"DO YOU ENJOY FORCING YOUR FAMILY to economize in order to provide money for public servants to waste?"

If there is a sting in that question, put by Robert Quillen, it is probably because Mr. Quillen is anxious to arouse the taxpayer to his plight.

All over the country editors and cartoonists are thundering protests, crying out against the enormous burden which the depression-harried taxpayer is called upon to shoulder.

"Do you realize," asks Mr. Quillen, in the Schenectady *Gazette*, "that one-fourth of the money earned by the people and the property of this nation is required to pay the expenses of government?

"Do you realize that one person in each eleven derives all or part of his income from the public treasury?"

And then Mr. Quillen proceeds to give us some more severe facts:

"Never before 1917 did any Congress dare appropriate as much as a billion dollars. In 1916 only three-fourths of a billion was required for all fixt charges and all operating expenses. Yet this year the fixt charges—the burden that can not be lightened—will be 1,699 million, and operating costs more than 2,662 million.

"That is the cost of Federal Government alone, and the cost of State, county, and municipal governments is greater still.

"How long will people endure it?

"There are bonded debts, interest charges, and other fixt obligations that must be met. Most of these burdens are the result of foolish or criminal extravagance, but there is no honest way to evade them.

"But all other expenses can be reduced. To say reduction is impossible is childish and stupid."

EVERY working day in the year "we are spending $40,000,000 to support governments—Federal, State, county, and local," says another writer, Chesla C. Sherlock, to drive home the seriousness of the tax burden. Not only that, but, as he tells us in a *Ladies' Home Journal* article:

"We are devoting almost one working day a week the year around, earning the money to support them—all of us.

"If you live on a farm, from 2 to 20 per cent. of your net income went for taxes in 1929; more than that was required in 1930 and 1931.

"If you are in business, out of every dollar of net corporate profits thirty cents go for taxes. In some industries as high as sixty-eight cents out of each dollar of net profits go for taxes.

"It takes the entire net revenue of eighty-five operating days to pay the railroads' taxes each year."

And then Mr. Sherlock cites an even higher figure than that given by Mr. Quillen when he tells us that "one out of every nine persons gainfully employed in the United States is a public official."

But the taxpayer seems to be waking up.

"The cry of economy in governmental expenditure and the effort to balance budgets," writes David Lawrence, Washington correspondent, after a visit to near-by States, "have taken precedence over almost everything else."

How Taxes Grow—and How!

(*From the Brooklyn Eagle*)

AT WASHINGTON

1914—Cost of Federal Government, $1,098,602,065.
1931—Cost of Federal Government, $4,821,374,569.

1914—United States population, 97,927,516.
1931—United States population, 124,070,000.
During the period from 1914 to 1931 the population of the United States increased 27 per cent.
During the same period the budget for the country increased 338 per cent.

IN NEW YORK CITY

1915—New York City's budget, $198,989,786.
1932—City's budget for this year, $631,366,297.

1915—New York City's population, 5,047,221.
1931—New York City's population, 6,939,446.
During the period from 1915 to 1931 the population of New York City increased 37 per cent.
During the same period the budget for the City increased 217 per cent.

Everybody at Washington seems to agree that the estimated deficit of more than $2,000,000,000 must be met and the budget balanced, by new taxation, and that governmental costs must be slashed.

But how to slash them? President Hoover has been demanding a reorganization of government bureaus. Criticizing him for attempting to steal their thunder, the House Democrats have named a committee to frame a definite plan of reorganization.

WHEN the new billion-dollar tax bill was started on its way, Representative Crisp, Democrat, Georgia, acting Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, declared:

"I believe it is absolutely indefensible that the budget in peace times should aggregate four billion, 100 million dollars. It is unjustifiable. It is crushing. It is destructive of love of government. The budget must be reduced. It should be reduced at least 500 million dollars or one billion dollars.

"And Federal taxes are inconsequential compared to the State, county, and city taxes."

Salaries of government employees, "from the highest to the lowest," should be reduced, he declared, and "the Farm Board and many other boards and bureaus should be abolished." Then this dramatic statement:

"The masses of the people have been long-suffering. The inarticulate voice of the masses has not yet been heard. When that inarticulate voice is heard, it will roll as thunder, and it will sweep all before it, just as a cyclone drives the chaff before it. I know not but what that hour has arrived."

The same note appears in editorial comment.

"In the midst of the campaign of assertions and denials with regard to the reduction in Federal expenditures, the country is becoming increasingly impatient," asserts the New York *Evening Post* (Ind. Rep.).

"Only the ax will do," declares the New York *Sun* (Ind.)—

"The bureaucrats have their lobbies, and they press hard. In every big bureau there are employees who can reach the ears of Senator Doe and Representative Roe.

"Their name is legion, their arguments like honey, their patience such as to make Job look irascible.

"The ax, Mr. President, the ax!"

"THE taxpayers of America are not going to have governmental economy until they, themselves, become indignant and demand it," warns the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.)—

"They won't get it from the executive branch, and they won't get it from the legislative branch.

"Every office-holder fired by either President or Congress means a vote lost, and a valuable vote-getting power lost. More Federal jobs mean more patronage. More patronage means more political power. The more jobs a Congressman secures for his constituents, the more certain he is of reelection. The same axiom of politics holds for the executive.

"When indignant voters outnumber the ballots secured by jobholders and their friends, we shall have economy. Not until then."

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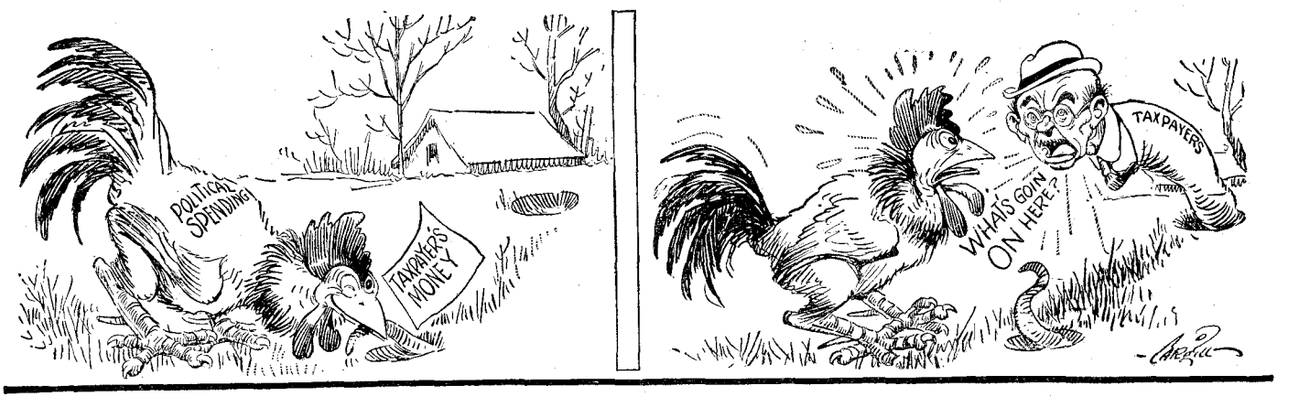
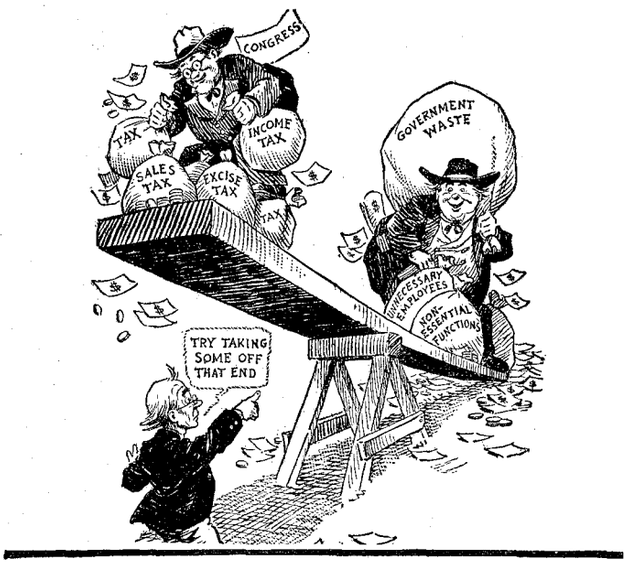
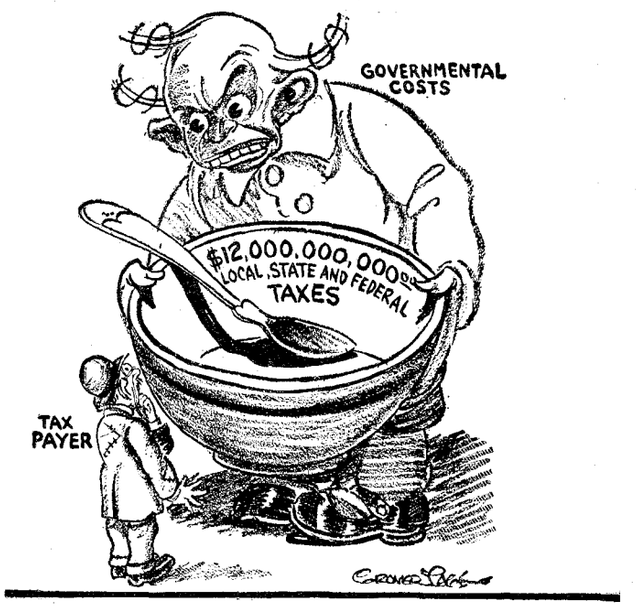


The Worm Turns! —Cargill in the "American Banker."

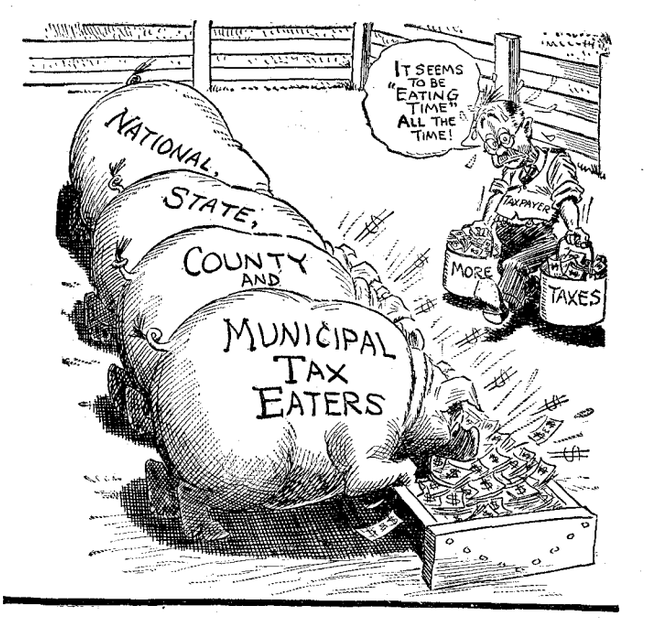


Balancing the Budget —Ray in the Kansas City "Star."

The Tax-Eater Mind —Spencer in the Omaha "World-Telegram."



"More!" —Gage in the Louisville "Courier-Journal."



When Is It Going to Be Butchering Time? —Gale in the Los Angeles "Times."

CARTOONISTS TAKE UP CUDGELS FOR THE TAXPAYER

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To Have Uncle Sam Guarantee Bank Deposits

"A STAGE COMEDIAN TELLS THE STORY of two down-and-out men who met on Brooklyn Bridge at midnight.

"One was about to jump in, when the other said:

"'What's the matter, buddie?'

"The would-be suicide answered:

"'Oh, I had money, and I spent it on women and drinking and gambling, and now I'm broke, and I am going to end it all.'

"The other fellow said:

"'Well, I worked hard all my life and saved my money and thriftily put it in the bank, and now the bank is broke. Move over, buddie, we will hop off together.'

"The story is meant to be a joke," adds the New York *American*, "but, unfortunately, it is not an unfamiliar tragedy."

Representative Steagall perhaps was thinking of such tragedies, caused by our 2,000 bank failures last year, when he introduced his bill to guarantee bank deposits in Federal Reserve member banks. The Alabaman, co-author of the Glass-Steagall measure, which already has strengthened the country's credit structure, now goes a step further to give absolute protection to John Brown, bank depositor.

But benign as the bill's purpose may be, it is jumped upon by editors as "unsound," "socialism among the banks," and "vicious legislation." True, it has its sturdy defenders, but they seem in the minority.

"Millions of people have reached the point where they do not know where to deposit their money with any assurance of safety," declares Mr. Steagall, who is chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee. "This bill of mine will give that assurance. It will not cost anything. It will bring out hoarded and hidden money."

Underwood

To Protect Depositors

Representative Steagall of Alabama would put Uncle Sam behind your bank account.

Telling the House that he has introduced such a bill "for ten years or longer, session after session," Mr. Steagall added that "this legislation is now favored by many of the Federal Reserve Bank officials and by many men in the banking world who have heretofore been against its passage."

The bill would create a fund of half a billion dollars to guarantee deposits in Federal Reserve member banks. It would establish a Federal Bank Liquidating Board, composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, Controller of the Currency, and three members appointed by the President. How the fund would be created is explained by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times:*

"1. By transferring $167,000,000 from the United States Treasury. This amount, Mr. Steagall said, has been paid by Federal Reserve banks as a franchise tax when the banks had no reason to make such payments.

"2. Adding $130,000,000 from the Federal Reserve System surplus of $275,000,000.

"3. Assessing member banks $130,000,000 in ratio to their deposits, with the provision of obtaining an additional $70,000,000 by the same process after the board commences to function."

A MEMBER bank declared insolvent by the Controller of the Currency would be taken over by the board, and all depositors would be paid off in instalments, the final payment to be made twenty months after the bank closed.

"The bill is a vicious piece of legislation," declares the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and its neighbor, *The Globe-Democrat*, sums up the objections of many editors in the following analysis:

"This is a proposal to try out on the Federal banking system an experiment which a number of States have attempted with disastrous results.

"The idea of guaranteeing bank deposits gained currency some years ago in the wheat belt, that region which has long been so prolific in paternalistic schemes, and laws were passed in South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, perhaps some others, to provide such guaranties.

"In every instance, we believe, these laws have involved the States in financial difficulties and worked more or less injury to their banking systems, with little or no benefit to depositors. Oklahoma and South Dakota have repealed their laws of this order, and if others have not done so they are pretty well convinced that the theory is unsound and its application impracticable.

"At any rate, their experience should be sufficient evidence that it would be utter folly to attempt to make it work with the Federal Reserve System, which is the very foundation of our national finances.

"The effect of such a law as the one proposed would be to make the Federal Government directly responsible for the security of bank deposits.

"It would remove that responsibility in large degree from bank directors and would be both an invitation and an encouragement to unsound, if not to dishonest, banking.

"Obviously, it would draw heavily upon the capital resources of the banks without any compensation in return. Obviously, also, it would lay upon the Government an enormous and incalculable obligation which in a time of distress might imperil its entire financial system and, at the best, would tend to lower its credit."

"OUR banking system," adds *The Globe-Democrat*, in a vigorous conclusion, "is too vitally important to the welfare of our country to be subjected to the risks of radical tinkering"—

"The best guaranty of bank deposits, the only practicable guaranty, is a sound banking system, with responsibility placed where it should be placed, on the heads of the banks. The Steagall bill should not be passed."

"IT would be extremely unfortunate if the national legislators should permit themselves to be allured by any such unsound proposal," declares the New York *Herald Tribune*, which adds: "A guaranty of bank deposits, as the record of the States' experiments in that direction have abundantly revealed, is identical with a guaranty of reckless and irresponsible banking."

On the other hand, *The Christian Science Monitor* is satisfied that "in all, the proposal has much to commend it." Of course, "it has also serious difficulties in its way which should not be ignored, but provided against by the sponsors"—

"Bank inspection would have to be strengthened and extended and sound standards be enforced by effective penalties lest the system become merely a means of levying the losses of incompetent bankers upon the competent.

"With such points guarded, however, the measure may appropriately take a place on the reconstruction program in Congress to aid in the present emergency.

"The new agency would speed up the return of depositors' money from closed banks. This is important in itself. Millions of dollars have been locked up for many months at a time, and have therefore been withdrawn from business.

"But the great merit of the scheme is that it would revive confidence in the country's banking system. For, tho the depositors in general get their money back, they never know whether they will or not.

"A well-drafted guaranty measure would render the inestimable service of replacing this uncertainty with certainty."

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Labor's Anti-Injunction Victory

HE COULDN'T EVEN WHISPER IT to his wife. But now he can, thanks to an act of Congress which permits him to tell her, without running the risk of landing in jail.

"He" is a working man, out on strike, but rigidly restrained in his speech by court injunction.

And the act that unfetters his tongue is the Norris-La Guardia anti-injunction measure, sharply limiting Federal court action in labor disputes. As the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* explains:

"An injunction granted in Iowa, in 1930, enjoined the defendants from communicating, verbally or in written form or in any other manner, that there was a strike at a certain mill, or that there was a controversy over wages, or that the complainant was unfair to organized union labor—an injunction which had the effect of prohibiting an employee from mentioning even to his wife any of these things, and putting him in contempt of court if he did so.

"This is one of the most extreme instances of injunctional tyranny on record, but there are many others hardly less severe."

No longer, however, will such abuses be possible. The Norris-La Guardia bill prevents them. Hailed as the most important victory in the history of the organized-labor movement, the measure is also a victory for Senator Norris after an eight-year fight.

Never before was the Nebraska veteran able to get his bill out of committee for Senate action. Remembering this, Washington observers were astonished by the way the opposition faded when it came to a show-down, and to see the bill slide through both Houses by overwhelming majorities. First, the Senate gave it 75-5 approval, then the House bestowed a 363-13 blessing.

As important provisions of the bill are summarized by the Washington correspondent of the United Press:

"1. Outlaws the 'yellow-dog' contract in Federal courts.
"2. Restricts Federal anti-labor injunctions.
"3. Gives the right of trial by jury for contempt offense outside the immediate presence of the court."

The "yellow-dog" contract is defined for us, as well as denounced, by the Newark *Evening News:* "It binds the worker not to join a labor organization during his employment, and is exacted by gouging employers as a condition of employment."

Altho it finally received a smashing majority, the bill kicked up a lively fight in the House, the correspondents tell us. Representative Beck of Pennsylvania denounced it as "a long march in the direction of Moscow," while Representative Blanton of Texas declared it would give the labor-unions "a throttling hold on the Government," and—

"This is a special class act. It takes inherent rights away from 120,000,000 people and gives those rights to the 5,000,000."

THE House bill differed in some respects from that adopted by the Senate, but these differences were quickly ironed out, and its friends were confident that President Hoover would sign the measure.

"This is a bill of rights for the American workman, and a model which every one of the forty-eight States should follow," declares the Philadelphia *Record*. With this view a majority of papers seem to agree, altho the opposing minority is vociferous in its objections.

Working men "will have a better chance than ever before, if this bill becomes law," says the Washington *News*, "to unite as free men and fix a fair price for their services. The right which has been theoretically theirs for so long, which justice has acknowledged with lip service, will be theirs in fact."

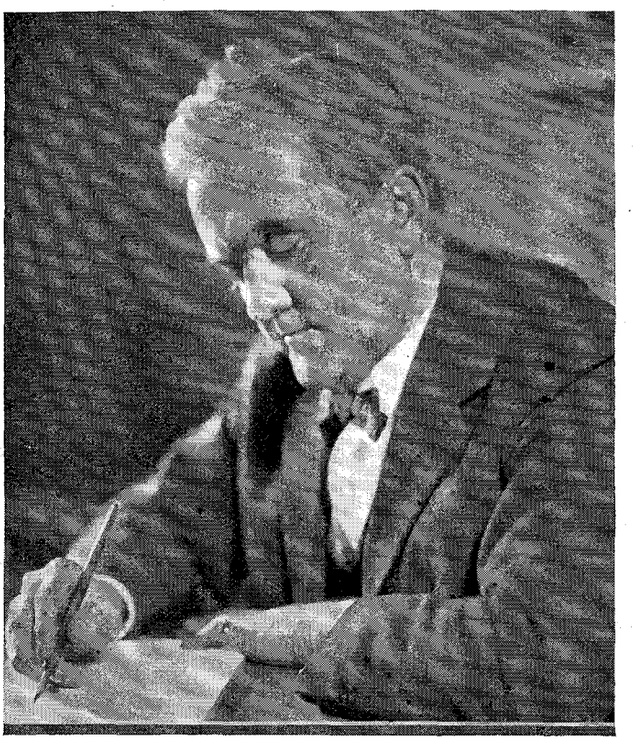
"What the bill does, essentially," remarks the Baltimore *Sun*, "is to read the Federal Bill of Rights into the law governing injunctions, where it has often been conspicuously lacking."

"Of course," says the Richmond *News-Leader*, "the die-hard interests will turn to the State courts"—

"There are State courts, no doubt, that will go as far in the grant of injunction as any Federal tribunals, but they are somewhat closer to the voters, and their judges are subject to election or to appointment by a responsible Governor."

As spokesman for the minority opposing the measure, the Washington *Post* declares that it "goes far beyond protection of the rights of working men," and—

"In some cases it would provide a cloak of legal sanction for violence, and in others would hinder the courts in defending human life and property rights."



He Won an Eight-Year Fight

In labor's behalf, when Congress passed the Norris-La Guardia anti-injunction bill. Senator George W. Norris, of Nebraska.

As for the "yellow-dog" contract, *The Post* tells us that "in three different cases the Supreme Court has held that such contracts are valid and that no legislative body has authority to outlaw them." And it adds:

"Organized labor ought to be the last group to assault the freedom of contract.

"For centuries working men fought for the right to sell their services to whomsoever they pleased.

"Now, organized unions of laboring men are seeking to limit the freedom of individuals who do not care to join with them. To encroach upon the rights of free contract would be to turn back on the road to vassalage again.

"The Norris bill is an assault upon the declaration of human rights in the Constitution."

But many papers congratulate Senator Norris upon this second major victory within a few weeks—the other was the passage of his "lame-duck" resolution. Says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

"Any number of his ideas, originally denounced as radical, at last have flowered into respectability.

"It was so with his proposal to abolish the lame-duck session of Congress, his suggestion to do away with the electoral college, his campaign against abuse of the injunction in labor disputes, and it will, we believe, become true of his plan for Muscle Shoals.

"It is well for the country that the Senate has a man whose exploring mind penetrates the thick epidermis of usage and tradition to the rational core of government."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

GENERAL PROSPERITY will finally rise from the ranks.—*Los Angeles Times.*

IF the dove of peace is hanging over Shanghai, it is taking long chances.—*Dayton Journal.*

IT'S about time for Hawaii to start an investigation of the U. S. kidnaping situation.—*Tampa Tribune.*

"SAXOPHONE-PLAYERS are born, not made," writes a musical critic. Another argument for birth-control.—*Punch.*

A TAX of $1 on after-dinner speeches is suggested in Ontario. The financial condition of the province must be desperate. Rarely, in ordinary times, is anything taxed at 200 per cent. of its value.—*Detroit News.*

IT might serve Japan right if she did conquer China and then had to govern it.—*Springfield Union.*

FOOD prices are getting so low that maybe, if we wait long enough, this depression will turn into a gorge.—*Boston Herald.*

EVERY famous man's wife has an uneasy feeling that something will happen to open the world's eyes.—*Hartford Times.*

"MEN," says a fashion note, "will wear step-ins this spring." Which, of course, means good-by to pulling your pants on over your head.—*Springfield Union.*

WOMEN of Russia recently celebrated an international woman's day for a couple of hours, after which they went back to clean out the stable and guide the plow.—*Portland Oregonian.*

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After the Storm

—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

ONE thing that ails this country is too many leaders trying to stay with the crowd rather than out in front.—*Dallas News.*

GOLF-WIDOWS are advised to follow their husbands round as a slimming exercise. Our thoughts are with the husbands.—*Punch.*

INTERIOR decorators say old-fashioned horsehair furniture is coming in again. Where are they going to get the horses?—*Dayton Journal.*

IF THE LITERARY DIGEST puts on another poll for the President, it will go a long way toward wiping out the Post-office deficit.—*Dalton (Ga.) Citizen.*

YOU would have thought, wouldn't you, that woman suffrage might have resulted in the improvement of conditions in government bureaus?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AN observer in the New York zoo says the armadillo, when it gets cold, curls up into a ball and lets itself freeze solid. Very much like business.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

SPEAKING of this here dollar-hoarding question, it's just possible that there wouldn't be so many slackers now, if there hadn't been so many slickers a while back.—*Boston Herald.*

WE wish the political parties would hurry up and nominate their candidates so that THE LITERARY DIGEST can get to work and find out who's going to be elected.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

WE are all healthier, the insurance companies keep insisting, since these peculiar times have come upon us. General Prosperity has apparently been superseded by Corporal Wellbeing.—*Boston Herald.*

WHY is it we never hear of a self-made woman?—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

THE Japs are about the first people to stage a defensive war on foreign soil.—*Springfield (Mo.) News.*

STALIN is a pacifist because if the Red Army won a war, it might kick him out.—*Berlin Vossische Zeitung.*

JAPAN wants the world to believe that she isn't fighting any war but is winning all the battles.—*Arizona Producer.*

"THE length of life," says a writer, "ought to be measured by the number and importance of our ideas and not by the number of our days." When measured by this standard, some people have never been born.—*The Humorist (London).*

THE Chinese aren't supposed to have any long-range artillery, but they smashed five Japanese banks in one day.—*St. Louis Star.*

AND just think of all the people who were opposed to the League of Nations because they were afraid it would be too powerful!—*Southern Lumberman.*

AFTER looking over President Hoover's plans for money-raising, we've decided to let the Government have our income and we'll keep the tax.—*Judge.*

CONGRESS has passed a new law against kidnaping. It is believed that this will compel all kidnapers to quit business and go back to bootlegging.—*San Diego Union.*

IT isn't surprizing, declares a Colorado college psychologist, if a young man finds it hard to settle down before marriage. No, indeed. And it is not surprizing if he finds it hard to settle up after it.—*Boston Herald.*

JAPAN'S chances for saving face over Manchuria would have been better if she hadn't lost her head at Shanghai.—*Washington Post.*

THE archives of the League of Nations now contain 1,042 international agreements. One or two of which have been kept.—*Judge.*

MAYBE Japan is refusing to declare war on China through a desire to remain eligible for the next Nobel Peace Award.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

LIQUID rubber is now being sprayed on metal to form a resilient protective covering. May be an idea here for pedestrians.—*Arizona Producer.*

AN expert says 70 per cent. of the visions we have in sleep are unpleasant. That's not so much better than being awake.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

THIS is called an economy Congress because it is trying to reduce government costs $300,000,000 and increase taxes $1,000,000,000.—*Daily Oklahoman.*

CARS are being made in so many colors that they will match almost any costume, says a woman's page note, but what we'd like to find is a nice, snappy new one to match our income.—*Boston Herald.*

THE world's largest gas-bag, the *Akron*, broke a rudder in the presence of a committee of Congressmen. This demonstrates the superiority of Congressmen, conditions being equal.—*Ann Arbor Michigan Daily.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Hindenburg Making Germany Safe for Everybody

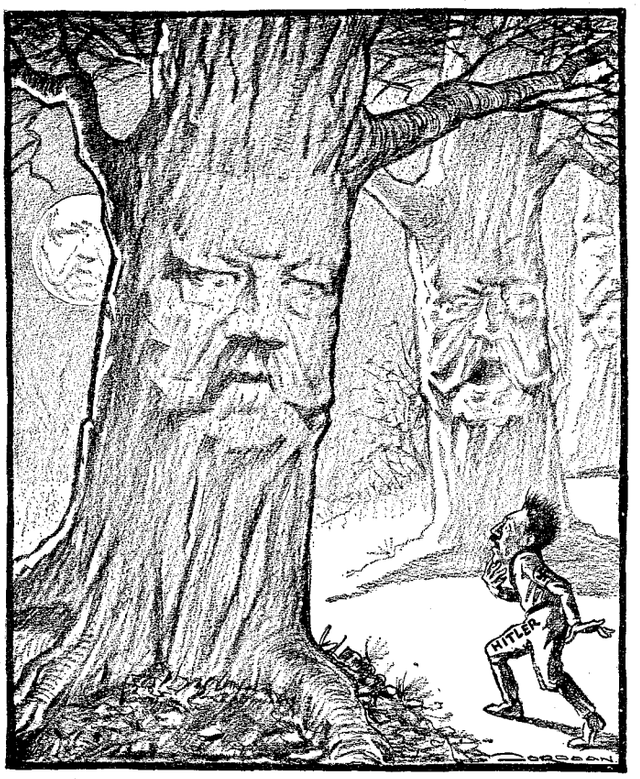
FOR THE UNITED STATES President Field Marshal von Hindenburg's victory by 7,300,000 votes over Hitler, Germany's dapper Fascist leader, means that the one form of government which offers the securest guaranty for American investments in the Fatherland is to continue.

So American correspondents over there speak of the March 13 elections for the Presidency, which are to be followed by a run-off election on April 10, because the eighty-four-year-old Chief Executive of Germany fell short of an absolute majority over the four candidates opposing him.

Yet no doubt exists in the minds of the German Government that President von Hindenburg will give his younger rival a severe beating at the second balloting, and rejoicing is general that triumph for the stanch, gray-haired President is proof positive of Germany's determination to follow the path of moderation in internal and in international affairs.

The success of Hitler, we read in some Berlin dispatches, might have meant that America's three to four billion dollars invested under the German Republic would evaporate in Fascist radicalism or civil war.

In France, meanwhile, those editors who hold Briand's fame in admiring memory are convinced that this German national election proves that the great French statesman of reconciliation "was not wrong when he trusted the German defenders of order." Among cabled editorials from the French dailies, we find the Paris *Republique* (Rad.) saying:



A Dutch Laugh at Hitler

Hitler: "Heavens, the woods are full of him!"
—"De Groene Amsterdammer."

"We believe that if Briand's policies had not been discarded in recent months, von Hindenburg would have been the victor on the first ballot.

"The impending defeat of Hitler—on the second ballot—will be the first act of homage, or rather, the first compensation of history, to the man who worked for a goal which could not be achieved during his own lifetime."

BUT all do not think that Hindenburg's triumph means peace. The Paris Nationalist *Ami du Peuple* questions it sharply, and gloomily remarks:

"Everybody agrees that Hitler—that uncouth, mediocre, Austrian house-painter—is an accident. But if Hitler represents an accidental episode, von Hindenburg, on the contrary, represents everything serious, profound, and permanent in the German soul.

"It is in von Hindenburg—ponderous, calm, disciplined, and strong-willed—that the German crowd rediscovers the Bismarckian tradition, with all that it implies of imperialism and desire for conquest."

Cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from London show the Tory *Morning Post* claiming that altho Hitler was beaten in his bid for the President's office, "his power for mischief, tho weakened, is not scotched," and it goes on:

"In the Prussian elections next month he may obtain sufficient support to overturn the Center Party-Socialist coalition in that all-important State. A government with a strong Hitlerite coloring in Prussia may well make Bruening's already precarious hold on the Reich virtually untenable."

AND *The Morning Post* adds ominously that "if he fails to secure a clear majority in Prussia, Hitler, in order to keep alive the militant spirit upon which his movement thrives, may find himself driven to a trial of strength by force."

Again the note of foreboding is sounded by so poised a newspaper as the Manchester *Guardian*, which thus analyzes the election results:

"Hitler was a bad candidate. His long hesitation before finally accepting the nomination was absurd.

"Stories current about his attempts to acquire German citizenship, his indecision when Bruening was attempting to arrange von Hindenburg's re-election by a Reichstag vote, must all be counted against him. The amount of his poll suggests that the movement he leads, if not diminishing, at least is at a standstill.

"At the same time it must be remembered that von Hindenburg polled a very moderate vote, and that every vote cast against him, whether Nazi, Communist, or Nationalist, was in favor of the overthrow of the Republic and repudiation of the Treaty of Versailles.

"So large a disruptive element can not but be dangerous, and its growth would be disastrous. If it grows it will be because Bruening has been unable to justify his policy by results."

THE outpouring of voters for the election, Berlin press dispatches say, broke all German records when the total was approximately 33,660,377 out of 44,000,000 qualified voters.

The official standing of the candidates with preliminary final returns in from all districts was:

President von Hindenburg	18,661,736
Adolf Hitler (Fas.)	11,328,571
Ernst Thaelmann (Com.)	4,971,079
Theodore Duesterberg (Nat.)	2,557,876
Gustav Winter (Indep.)	111,477

The big poll by Thaelmann naturally cheers German Communists, and one of their organs, the *Rote Fahne*, in an editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, declares:

"Five million votes for the Communist candidate have a greater significance than a nearly equal number of Communist votes in the Reichstag elections of 1930.

"These ballots were cast in direct contradiction to the Social

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Democratic party's policy of 'the lesser evil,' which was opposed to the bid for a revolutionary class struggle aiming at the creation of a Soviet Germany."

In sharp contrast is the view-point of *Vorwaerts*, official organ of the German Social Democracy, which avers:

"The Communists' humiliation is complete. In many districts they lost votes compared with the Reichstag elections, because their electorate simply refused to join their leaders in a nonsensical windmill fight against the Social-Democratic party."

Meanwhile the *Berliner Tageblatt* (Lib.) observes with something of a sneer that:

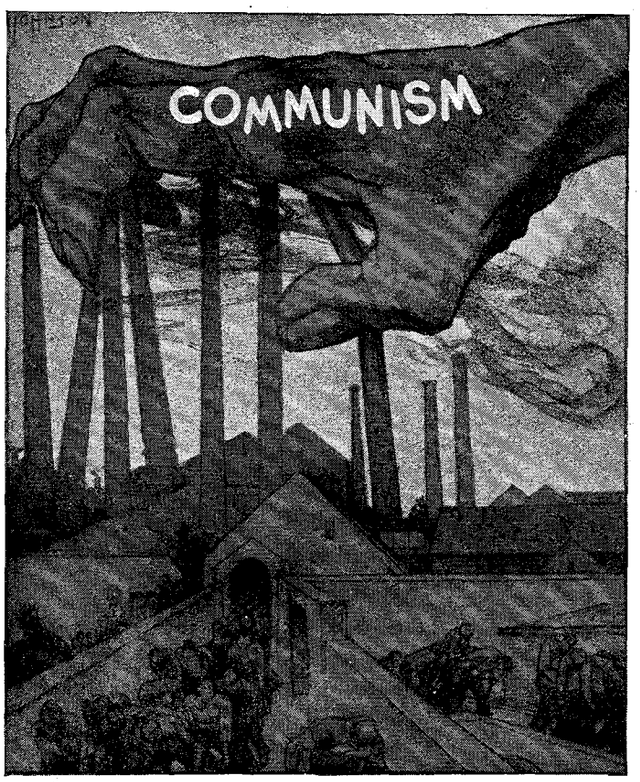
"Everybody knew that the Hitlerites who emerged from the 1930 elections as the second largest party meanwhile had surpassed the Socialists. However, this is not the issue.

"The Hitlerites lost their fight because they were blind and hysterical enough to wage it under the motto 'Hitler will be President.' They might have been justified in claiming victory had they modestly announced their aim as being merely to demonstrate that they are the largest party in Germany."

But a People's party newspaper of importance, the *Koelnische Zeitung* seems to believe that the Communist vote and the Hitler vote chiefly reveal that Germany is not headed for any wild gambles in government, when it declares:

"We certainly are not blind to the fact that Thaelmann has five million supporters, and we do not underestimate the significance of Hitler's following of eleven million.

"Yet radicalism has not grasped power in Germany, and will not. An overwhelming majority of the people refuses the adventure. The result in Hesse, Hamburg, and Brunswick shows that Hitlerism apparently has reached its peak. Right Wing radicalism staked everything on one card, which is its best, namely Hitler's personality. Hitler entered the fight personally for the first time since the 1923 *putsch*. The popular appeal of von Hindenburg's personality, however, shattered his illusions."



A Pre-Election Warning Against Communism

"Under the Red Hand this might happen to Germany."
—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

The big surprize of editorials cabled to The Literary Digest is provided by the Italian press. The land of Fascism is strong for the Fascist Hitler, and apparently Italian editors are unanimous in holding Hitler to be the real victor in the elections, because of his "compact party which deprived von Hindenburg of a majority." Says the Rome *Giornale d'Italia*,

"The elections resulted in the national political humiliation of the Field Marshal who, despite an unprecedented formidable coalition, failed to take into account the heterogeneity of his support."

According to the Milan *Corriere della Sera*, the election was "an utter defeat for the Social Democrats and a great success for Hitler." The Turin *Stampa* says:

"Social Democracy is now in an inglorious decline. The Nazis, besides becoming the biggest German party, outdistanced all others. The coalition, instead of arresting Hitler's progress, accelerated it."

Germany's War Help to England

The folly of Germany provided British Ministers with "a reason for war which could be explained to the public."

So we are told by a contributor to the London *New Statesman and Nation*, who relates that a member of the British Cabinet in 1914 told him not long ago that "he vividly remembered the unspeakable relief he felt when Germany invaded Belgium."

England had to go into the war as the result of the invasion, this informant notes, and everybody in England could understand why; but, he adds:

"The real reason—our close understanding with France and Russia, and the fact that, as a Great Power, we could not permit France to be defeated by Germany—would not have satisfied public opinion, and would have led to awkward questions about these secret commitments, some of which were not known by many members of the Cabinet itself until the crisis.

"As for the other Powers, Austrian recklessness was flagrant. She had a strong case against Serbia, but her insistence on war after her harsh terms were accepted by Serbia proved that she intended, at all costs, to banish for good and all the menace to the Austrian Empire involved in the greater Jugo-Slavian movement.

"The case against Germany is that the military authorities were too strong for the Chancellor: that she backed Austria, and only tried to call her off when the military authorities in her own country, in Austria, and in Russia were completely out of hand.

"But if it had not been for Russia's premature mobilization (carried out, as we now know, against the Czar's orders), war might have been averted at the eleventh hour."

Whatever the real moral of all this is, the French have a very bitter argument against war as provided by the Paris *Matin* in a table of percentages of the death losses of the various nations engaged:

1914-1918, died for their country:

France, 3.06 per cent. of the population.
Italy, 1.24 per cent. of the population.
Great Britain, 1.25 per cent. of the population.
Belgium, 0.50 per cent. of the population.
U. S., 0.07 per cent. of the population.
Russia, 1 per cent. of the population.
Serbia, 8.2 per cent. of the population.
Roumania, 1.87 per cent of the population.
Japan, 0.001 per cent. of the population.

The official figures of the death losses of France as recorded in the *Matin* are:

Army	1,370,000
Navy	13,200
Civilians	23,400
	1,406,600

"Out of 38 millions population," notes the *Matin*, "France lost 1,406,600. Let them keep that in mind at Geneva!"

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Famine Looms in Soviet Russia

FORTY MILLION PEASANTS are going to need food relief in Soviet Russia.

Harvests failed last fall in many sections of the country.

The districts affected, press dispatches say, are the Urals, West Siberia, the middle and lower Volga basins, Bashkayra, and the northern parts of the Caucasus.

The combination of the shortage and the necessity of supplying the peasants in these regions with grain, it appears, has radically interfered with the Government's spring sowing program.

In the Ukraine, in particular, we are told, the backwardness of preparations for spring sowing is causing Moscow great anxiety. It is said that not more than half the grain required for sowing is ready.

The dispatch of one million tons of grain to the distrest localities, say these Riga dispatches, was decreed by Joseph Stalin, the Soviet dictator, in February. But the movement is proceeding slowly because the railways are unable to cope with the additional traffic.

Another hampering factor, it seems, is the reluctance of affected districts to relinquish grain which, officials contend, is stored up.

An Italian Thrust

Home talk in Russia: "Everybody says Stalin is such a wonderful leader, always ravenous for victory. But we are ravenous for food."
—"Il '420'" (Florence).

But most significant is the fact that even the Soviet press contains admissions that all is not so well as the result of what adverse critics call sarcastically, the "triumph of collective farming." The Council of People's Commissars has issued a resolution, signed by Joseph Stalin and by Russia's Premier, V. Molotov, which is published in *Isviestia*, the official organ of the Soviet Government in Moscow.

Three important facts are disclosed in the resolution:

First, that "some of the Eastern regions of the Union are experiencing difficulties with food."

Second, that now, as the sowing campaign draws near, a great many collective farms in these regions have no seed, which naturally seriously threatens the crops of next fall.

Third, that the Government will loan 53,500,000 pounds of grain to these farms, both for seed and for feeding their members.

COMMENTING on these facts, *Pravda*, the official organ of the Communist party in Moscow, reveals that the Eastern provinces are not the only ones in which things go wrong:

"In the Ukraine, a great many regions were very late in delivering their grain to the Government. The first half of February has shown that these regions have stopt the deliveries of grain which they should make.

"In the Voznesersk region only 1,000 tons of grain were delivered, altho 10,235 tons were due."

Moreover, this newspaper does not deny that, in a great many places, agricultural conditions are somewhat chaotic. Thus, it says, "in certain collective farms of the Yakimovsky region, the seed prepared for the sowing campaign rotted and went to waste." And in a region in the Lower Volga, "special guards had to be placed near the granaries because the population was about to plunder them." Moreover, *Pravda* adds that about half of the tractors in the collective farms still go unrepaired, altho they all ought to be in working order.

A. Yugov, a noted Russian economist writing in *Socialisti-chesky Viestnik*, a Social-Democratic anti-Soviet Russian weekly in Berlin, sees the chief cause of these agricultural troubles in the Soviet system of "collective farming," and he goes on:

"A peasant belonging to a collective farm never knows to what share of the farm's crops he is entitled. The Soviet statistics show, for instance, that only 30 per cent. of the collective farms divided their crops among their members by the first of February.

"And in 45 per cent. of collective farms the peasants had not even by the first of February had the 'advance in grain' which they are supposed to get. And what peasant can be expected to work honestly and zealously for the Government if he even does not get paid for it?

"As long as these peasant demands are not satisfied, the peasants, as before, both within and outside of collective farms, will obstinately struggle against the Government. They will struggle against it by a method which is typical of Russia, and which is the only possible method in Soviet conditions: by lowering the productivity of their labor and by 'sabotaging' the economic programs of the Government in every possible way."

Possliednia Novosti, a democratic anti-Bolshevist Russian daily in Paris, observes:

"What matters is that the famine in Russia's eastern provinces is a direct result of Stalin's policy. Of course, the Soviet Government will account for this famine by 'adverse weather conditions,' and foreigners, misled by the Soviet propaganda, will submissively repeat this explanation.

"And, as before, they will go on defending the idiotic idea of the collectivization of agriculture in Russia. In reality, however, this famine which, at last, has been officially recognized by the Soviet Government, is a fruit of its own policy."

Japan Fears Soviet Competition

SOVIET power to compete with other nations is rapidly gaining strength, and Japan must keep an eye on the strides of Soviet industry, especially as outlined in the second Five-Year Plan.

This is the feeling of some Tokyo journals, including *Yomiuri*, which remarks:

"In the new plan, which is as extensive as the first, the aim is complete technical reconstruction and establishment of principal heavy industries.

"Rash comment on the chances of success for the plan would be untimely. While the leading capitalistic nations are in a quandary at their large productive equipment and waning consumption, the Soviet Union is centering all its energy on economic growth.

"This indicates the country is trying to dispose of products in large quantities. Last year, rumors that Soviet wheat was to be dumped on the world market disturbed prices everywhere. Soviet activity in growing sugar menaces beet-sugar growers in Europe. As a result of cotton expansion, Soviet cotton is already competing with middle-grade American cotton in the British market, aided by price competition. In the maritime provinces, the raw-silk industry is rising in importance, and Soviet silk is rivaling Italian silk in Europe.

"When the Soviets asked for the services of Japanese sericultural experts, Japan had to refuse, for it would be helping an industry that menaces the future of Japanese silk, the most important export of the nation."

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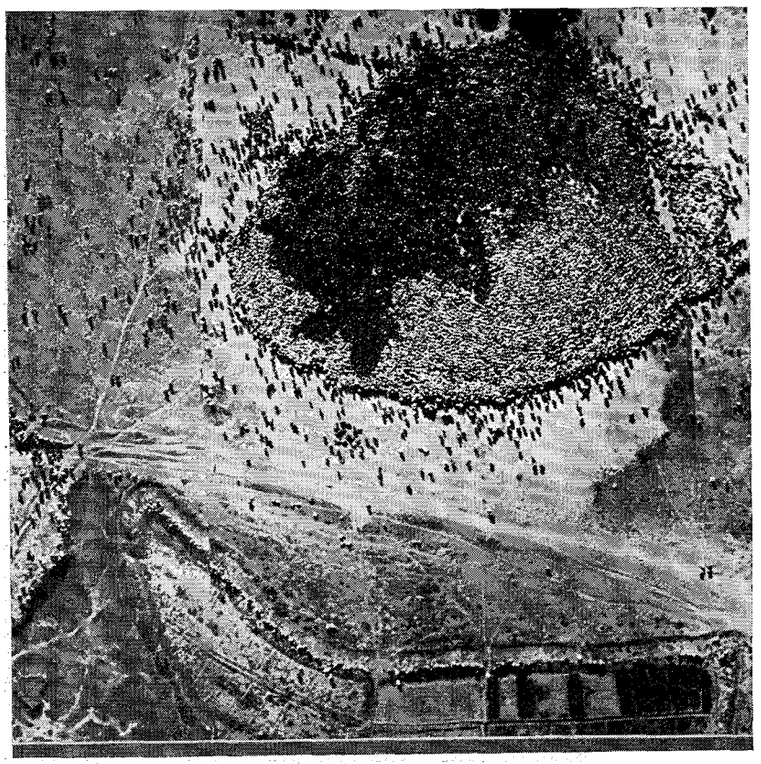
Crushing India's Red Shirts

THE RED SHIRT MOVEMENT has been smashed in the Northwest Frontier Province of India.

Its leaders have been put into jail. Revenue is flowing in spontaneously for the Government. There is a new spirit of dazed respect among the villagers, who a few weeks ago were dangerously revolutionary.

That is the story of English press correspondents at Peshawar, where the Red Shirt organization showed its greatest strength, and added just one more factor to Britain's burden in India.



Acme photograph

A Red Shirt Mass Meeting in India

This airplane photograph shows a Red Shirt demonstration in the Northwest Frontier Province of India. Abdul Gaffar Khan, since imprisoned, was the speaker on this occasion. The Red Shirts themselves form the dark mass in the upper half, while the white-clad villagers from the surrounding districts squat on the ground in the lower half of the picture.

The Mullahs—Moslem priests—who have been stirring up the border tribes, are paid agents of the Soviet Government, according to Rene MacColl, representative of the London *Daily Telegraph* at Peshawar. He claims to have this information from official sources.

HE pictures the situation at the end of February as almost entirely peaceful in four of the five administrative districts, the exception being Peshawar. But three months ago, things looked very differently, and at Christmas, it appears, the plans of the Red Shirt insurgents for a general rising were almost complete. The Pathans believed that British rule was finished. Now this correspondent reports:

"So complete has been the victory of law and order that there is a wide-spread belief in the remainder of India—even in responsible circles—that the truth is not being told. There are tales of a drastic censorship cloaking harsh measures, wholesale shootings, and 'repression,' apart from the wild fabrications of the vernacular press. Actually, however, it was by seizing the initiative that the Government achieved its dramatic success.

"Knowing that the Red Shirts' plans were nearly mature for a general rising, the authorities got their blow in first on Christmas Eve with a series of lightning raids by the police and military, which continued nightly for a fortnight. A high official said:

"'The Pathans truly thought our rule was finished. They can understand anything save inaction. They reached a point where they thought they could do anything they liked with impunity, but after swift blows they are now disillusioned, dazed, and chastened.'

"Overnight the revolutionaries were left leaderless, and the relentless drive of the last two months netted 6,000 prisoners from the Peshawar district alone, of whom 4,000 are still in jail. It is considered highly significant that those who have been released are returning to their villages in a different spirit, and are advising others that the game is not worth the candle."

The casualties in two months in the Peshawar district, we are told, were only one killed and three wounded. More have occurred elsewhere, notably at Kohat, where fourteen were killed. But this Peshawar informant avers that this is exceptional. He tells us then that he drove to Utmanzai, in the Northwest Frontier Province, the native place of Abdul Gaffar Khan, leader of the Red Shirts, who is now in jail.

Eight weeks earlier, he informs us, this would have been impossible, because the whole district, tho nominally within the British Empire, was actually like a Soviet region.

EACH village had its Congress offices, a Red Shirt administration and no police. Europeans venturing into them were maltreated, but now, he advises us, "there could be no more peaceful people." He adds: "I was received with friendly grins everywhere." Abdul Gaffar Khan, writes a correspondent lately in India for the Manchester *Guardian*, gives you the impression that he is a great, genial, overgrown, rather stupid boy—and very much of an unreasoning fanatic. We read then:

"His Red Shirt organization for long was undoubtedly the most solid and genuine of all the politico-social movements in recent Indian history, but when it became the refuge, so to speak, of any and every Pathan who had any sort of grievance, real or imaginary, it became also the most dangerous movement in any province of India.

"One result of the general contempt for the law which the movement has fostered is an increase in the number of common murders to an average of one a day in the Peshawar district alone, where there are only one and a quarter million people."

The Guardian's contributor goes on to say that it is tragic that the Red Shirt movement should have such a wild leader as Abdul Gaffar Khan at the moment when its province is within immediate reach of a leap to equality with the other provinces. It is then pointed out:

"The one hopeful sign is the growing recognition among thinking Indians—even among some very recently in prison—of the very real danger lest self-governing India should inherit a legacy of indiscipline unamenable to a mere change of Constitution; lest Swaraj [home-rule], now much nearer than in their hearts they had dreamed of seeing it, should come in on the flood-tide of a vogue for lawlessness.

"The pity of it is that those who do recognize the danger seem always to look for its abatement only to the authority of that governmental system whose days are now so plainly numbered."

ABDUL GAFFAR KHAN started, two years ago, a movement of social reform in the Afghan Youth League, and soon made a definite attempt to raise a large force against the Government. He was arrested, then released, when he at once threw himself heart and soul into the Red Shirt movement, relates a London *Times* correspondent, who adds that "he stood for immediate complete independence, and to achieve this end he left no stone unturned to bring government machinery to a stop."

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The One and Only Eilshemius

FOR YEARS NEW YORK has had a letter-writer who claimed to be a great artist. In fact, "none greater."

This was Louis M. Eilshemius, and the New York *Sun* was his favorite mail-box.

Indeed, "he wrote on all sorts of subjects," says Henry McBride in *The Sun*, "but chiefly on the supremacy of Mr. Eilshemius as an artist.

These letters amused *The Sun's* editors and readers alike. They chuckled over the astounding claims of the writer, but never sought a sight of the pictures about which the claims were made.

This is where they made a mistake, says the present *Sun's* critic, "for many people, at this late date, begin to say that the pictures are very good indeed, and that the artist is quite justified in refusing to assume hypocritical airs of modesty in speaking of his work."

An exhibition has just been held at the Valentine Galleries in New York, and even some of the museums here and there in this country are among the quite numerous purchasers.

Our reluctance to recognize an artist who is now advanced in years savors of a certain snobbishness in our art tendencies, so Mr. McBride hints:

"Why the pictures of Mr. Eilshemius were rejected for an entire generation is easily enough explained.

"The artist's ideas, feelings, and manners were helplessly American, and they were brought forward in a period when it was fashionable not to be American, when the painters were all struggling to be European, and when Henry James, Whistler, and Sargent preferred having London residences rather than New York ones.

"There was not a touch anywhere in poor Mr. Eilshemius's paintings that was fashionable—there is not to this day—but there was much that was poetic. In fact, the despised Mr. Eilshemius is that rare thing—a genuine lyric painter.

"In the dozen years or so since Marcel Duchamp and the Société Anonyme discovered the true worth of Eilshemius in the exhibitions at the Independents, there has been a steadily increasing band of converts, and lately there is evidence that some of the young people are making a political cult out of the affair, all of which may help the cause of the artist and, incidentally, the young people engaged in it.

"However, young people dearly love 'a cause' and, once persuaded themselves, like to make it as difficult as possible for the enemy—i. e., those not yet converted. These outsiders, hearing so much noise, are sure to inquire into the matter and, as like as not, will be confronted at first with the less-acceptable paintings, for Mr. Eilshemius, in a long lifetime, has painted an enormous number of pictures, not all of which are equally susceptible to fame."

THE South Sea appeals to Mr. Eilshemius's imagination, and he has often painted the islands from memory:

"These works please lastingly. They are not intellectual, like the performances of Mr. La Farge in the same region, nor erotic, like the canvases of the recent Mr. Gauguin, but simple and youthful ecstasies that have an unmistakable singing quality, tho exprest in paint.

"The pictures have so little 'side' to them that one suspects that these are just the sort of pictures the Samoans might have painted of themselves had they been versed in this particular medium.

"But with all their simplicities of painting, the color has a peculiar and vital vibrancy, and the tone of the work impresses you more each time you encounter it. The chances are, once you have accepted these South Sea pictures, you will go on to acquire a special affection for all the works of the artist, for there is a rusticity to them that is especially attractive in these days of our first rebound from 'the culte de Europe.'"

Albert Ryder is the American painter of long-established fame "with whom Eilshemius is most akin." Mr. McBride asserts that Ryder was also the object of Eilshemius's envy, and the present exhibitor, in a letter to *The Sun* of March 5, gives his own view:

"In 1907 I visited Ryder in his small rooms. I asked him how long it took him to paint one of his canvases. 'You see it is best to take ten years to execute one subject.' I laughed and told him I could do the trick in a few hours. 'You must be the Devil,' he shouted. Well, when I got back to my studio on Twenty-third Street, I painted my two paintings in one hour for each. Quite some energy! Selah!

"DR. LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS, M. A.,
"Most Rapid Master Painter."

Courtesy of the Valentine Galleries, New York

Eilshemius in His Studio.

The upper picture on the easel is a sketch of the vaudeville stage, the lower a fantasy of the South Seas.

THE paintings are as interesting as Eilshemius himself, says "Beau Broadway," the personal columnist in *The Morning Telegraph* (New York), who deals deeper in Eilshemius personalities:

"I first met him a year ago in an art gallery, when he handed me a little circular which he had printed himself. It proclaimed him modestly as 'The Genius of the Ages,' and listed his varied talents.

"The circular also stated that Mr. Eilshemius had great histrionic talents and, had he continued on the stage, would undoubtedly have become 'the world's greatest actor.'

"In his spare time Eilshemius writes letters to the editors of 'the voice of the people' columns on the average of four a week, commenting on various timely subjects. He changes his signature every once in a while, claiming that he likes variety.

"He was an infant prodigy, and was once wealthy. He still is

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listed in the Social Register. His most important pictures have been bought by the three most astute collectors of modern U. S. paintings."

The following may be the "circular." At least, it bears the artist's imprint:

"AN UNUSUAL INVENTOR IS
"LOUIS MICHEL EILSHEMIUS, M.A.
"Educator, Ex-Actor, Amateur All Round Doctor, Mesmerist-Prophet and Mystic, Reader of Hands and Faces, Linguist of 5 Languages, Graphologist, Dramatist (7 Works), Short Story Writer and Novelettes (26 Works), Humorist Galore, Ex-Mimic, animal voices and humans, Ex-All Round Athletic Sportsman (to 1889), Universal Supreme Critic. Ex-Don Giovanni, Designer of Jewelry, etc., Spiritist, Spirit-Painter Supreme, Best Marksman to 1881, Ex-Chess and Billiard Player to 1909, Scientist supreme: all ologies, Ex-Fancy Amateur Dancer, The most rapid master creator in the 3 Arts, Most wonderful and diverse painter of nude groups in the world. Traveling salesman—in 30 cities on 30 nights, Philanthropist, Saved 20 lives—3 from suicide, Greatest Religionist, Globe Trotter, Half the Globe, Western.

"His middle name is 'Variety.' All the supreme Genius Minds down the ages find Domain in
"EILSHEMIUS
"Born 1864 near Newark, N. J."

How Changing Words Go Down-Hill

ISN'T IT ODD HOW WORDS in changing usually go downhill, exclaims Dr. Frank Thone, in his Science Service feature, *Isn't It Odd?* (Washington).

For example, he says, take a few of the derogatory terms applied to women. "Hussy" was originally "huswyf," which is merely an archaic spelling for "housewife." The poor word has not merely lost its original meaning, but has acquired a directly opposite one. Similarly "wench," which now has a meaning very closely akin to that of "hussy," in Shakespeare's time, and even later, was merely a familiar and by no means uncomplimentary term applied to any young woman. He goes on:

"One of the strangest of these metamorphosed words is 'hag,' which is the same syllable as the German 'Hexe,' or witch, often spelled merely 'hex' in American newspaper accounts of troubles arising out of the superstitions of some of the 'Pennsylvania Dutch.' 'Hexe' or 'hex' was originally 'hagassisse,' or, in Low German, 'hagadisse.' A hagassisse was a female spirit of the woods, like a sylph or dryad of the ancient Greeks. Her human imitator during the Middle Ages and early modern times, often a malefactor of one kind or another, became the 'Hexe,' or in English, a 'hag.'

"The same down-hill tendency is shown in words applied to children also. A 'brat' is said to be, originally, one clothed in a 'brattach,' a Celtic word meaning a rag or cloth—that is, an infant in a diaper. 'Dunce' also came from the Celtic parts of Britain; for the great Scholastic Duns Scotus founded a school of philosophy that split hairs too fine for the liking of dissenters, who applied his name in derision, not to philosophers but to stupid folk. 'Booby' and its variant, 'boob,' come from Germany, where 'Bube' (pronounced almost exactly like the English 'booby') is a term of affection applied to any small boy. Very few words that have changed their meanings have undergone an up-hill evolution. A few have made very slight advances, going, one might say, 'from worse to bad.'

"A case in point is 'naughty.' Nowadays it is applied usually to children, and means nothing more than troublesome or mischievous. But in Elizabethan times it was applied to adults, and had a more serious implication. To say that a man was 'naught' or 'naughty' meant that he was malicious, dishonest, immoral—really bad. In those days its antonym was 'honest,' which now indicates only one virtue—dependability in financial or property transactions. But if you read in Shakespeare of an 'honest' man, it is to be understood that the Bard was paying him a high compliment, imputing to him that he was a gentleman in all respects, a 'square shooter'—very much what the French source-word *honnête* still implies."

A Ziegfeld First Night

THE EINSTEIN THEORY MAY INTEREST its tens but a Ziegfeld Follies enthralls its thousands.

This is a somewhat exaggerated report of the observation of Mr. Arthur Brisbane, whose first column in the New York *American* reports the world's doings with a trenchant pen.

"Historians of the future, describing our era," he thinks, "would like information about such a first night. Here it is."

So, like taking notes for a continuation of Frederick Lewis Allen's recently published "Only Yesterday" (Harper's), he writes about "Hot—Cha," the latest Ziegfeld offering:

"As many as could be packed into the theater paid each $16.50 for their seats on Tuesday. The majority present were 'somebody,' the others paid $16.50 to be mistaken for somebody.

"There was Paul Block, who owns newspapers, and Kobler, who owns a tabloid. Ask him: 'How is circulation?' He jumps from his chair, reaches both hands toward the roof of the theater. Words can't tell how circulation is going up.

"Walter Chrysler, automobile maker, was there. He said: "'Ziegfeld gives you ideas for decorating interiors of cars.'

"The Ziegfeld formula is 'beautiful girls, plenty of humor, a nebulous plot.' The chief girl, this time, is Lupe Velez, a Mexican who dances, sings, rolls her eyes, and wriggles.

"Thirty 'glorified' American girls that stand behind her, and also wriggle, are compared to Lupe Velez, like thirty plates of vanilla ice-cream standing behind a red-hot coal.

"Mr. Ziegfeld at the moment specializes in tall girls, with bored expressions, long legs, and no more hips than a plucked canary. He makes an exception in favor of one very short girl, who, when she stands straight and kicks, can raise her knee above her forehead. Try to do that.

"Humor is supplied by an active person named Bert Lahr, who is persuaded to become a bull-fighter, altho he has never seen a bull. When he sees one, in real life a very gentle steer which appears in person on the Ziegfeld stage, the bull-fighter runs.

"Mr. Buddy Rogers supplies the manly pulchritude. You have rarely seen such black and glossy hair, or hair that billows so magnetically. He also sings, and pleases Lupe Velez. That is part of the plot, for there is a tall blonde lady who ought to mean something to him. She does not.

"W. Averell Harriman was there. He deals in railroads and money. His father rebuilt the Union Pacific and other roads. Herbert Bayard Swope was there also. He deals in everything.

"There was William A. Curley, best evening newspaper editor in the country just now, and William Randolph Hearst, Jr., who is learning the business, and an intelligent Frenchman, who only said *Ces Américains!* but said a great deal in those two words."

The Cover

THE charming picture on the cover, "Young Mother Sewing," is from the famous Havemeyer Collection, recently bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is one of the most brilliant specimens of the delightful art of Mary Cassatt. The subject is obviously French, but the feeling is expressive of the native character of the artist, who was born at Pittsburgh in 1855, and died in 1926.

The major part of her long life was spent in France, where she was identified with the Impressionist group, and directly molded, so it is said, by Manet. She is no less an American because her subjects are French, declares Lorinda M. Bryant in "American Pictures and Their Painters." "Over and over again she pictures a mother and her child—the child a good, wholesome product of nature, with every function in working condition, and the mother alive to the needs of a healthy, growing, young human animal."

"Although she persistently keeps motherhood before us," continues Mrs. Bryant, "yet her reiteration never for one moment bores us, for each group is individual."

She is well represented in the public galleries in the United States.

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Sousa Marches On

WHEN SOUSA FIRST CHOSE A CAREER for himself, he aspired to become a baker.

Perhaps his Portuguese-German origins declared themselves here.

But three nights in the bakery quenched this ambition, and he went back to music, as his parents wished.

His father played the trombone in the Marine Band, and when the young Sousa's ambition turned in the direction of the circus his father dragooned him into the presence of General Zeilin, commandant of the Marine Corps, and he was enlisted as an apprentice boy to study music.

These and other facts are culled by Benjamin Powell for the Boston *Transcript* from Sousa's autobiography, "Marching Along" (Hale, Cushman & Flint, Boston).

But his father's strong arm was not quite strong enough:

"Even the pomp and glitter of the Marine Band could not hold him.

"He tired of it and got his release, and there ensued years of study concurrent with a bit of teaching, a spell of vaudeville, and a term on the road with opera.

"His first considerable success followed his conducting in Gilbert and Sullivan companies, and while engaged in this he was invited to return to Washington to lead the Marine Band. He took up his duties in September, 1880."

CONCERTS on the White House grounds, formerly the resort of "a motley mob of nurses and baby carriages and some hangers-on," became attended by thousands, and "the Saturday afternoon concerts at the White House became a social event." Mr. Sousa himself contributes:

"The first appearance of the band under my direction was at a New Year's reception. The first to enter are the Ambassadors, then the Cabinet, then the Supreme Court, then the officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine corps stationed in Washington, the bureau chiefs of the departments, winding up with the general public.

"As the first-named arrived we played music of a subdued character, eliminating the percussion instruments, so that the drums, tympani, and cymbals were largely squelched, all of which did not please the drummers, who had from long usage believed that they came not only to be seen, but to be heard. Then as the guests came in greater numbers, light operas were played, and when the general public arrived, I ran into marches, polkas, hornpipes, and music of the liveliest character.

"I think my method gave the President a chance to shake hands with double the number of people he could have met had I played slow pieces. President Hayes's secretary told me it was a splendid idea, that the President was less fatigued than he had been after previous receptions.

"The President evidently appreciated the work I was doing."

IT was in this period that Sousa began to compose his marches. Thus his fame spread so rapidly that he embarked on private enterprises. The great fairs and expositions of the '90's showered honors on him and his band. But his first fruits in composition were practically given away:

"At this time the march which rivaled in popularity the far-flung 'Washington Post' was 'The High School Cadets.' I had written it for a company of high-school cadet students in Washington, and they had paid me twenty-five dollars for the dedication.

"At that time I had no adequate idea of the value of my compositions, and sold 'Semper Fidelis,' 'The Picador,' 'The Crusader,' 'The Washington Post,' 'High School Cadets' and several others under a contract with Harry Coleman, the music publisher, in Philadelphia, for thirty-five dollars apiece, and I was also to furnish three arrangements, one for piano, one for orchestra, and one for band!

"'The Gladiator,' my first hit in the march line, I offered to Stopper and Fiske, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, for fifty dollars. They returned the manuscript, and, nothing daunted, I sent it to Coleman, who took it for his usual price of thirty-five dollars. And that was the march that put me on the musical map! I really believe that every band in America played it.

"How are marches written? I suppose every composer has a somewhat similar experience in his writing. With me the thought comes, sometimes slowly, sometimes with ease and rapidity. The idea gathers force in my brain, and takes form not only melodically but harmonically at the same time. It must be complete before I commit it to paper. Then I instrument it according to the effects it requires. Often I fix my mind upon some objective—such as the broad spaces of the West, the languorous beauty of the South, the universal qualities of America as a whole. And then comes its musical expression—be it thunder or sunshine!"

Courtesy of *The Musical Courier* (New York)

All Decorations in 1906

Sousa was the supreme exponent of American popular music before the age of crooning, ragtime, and jazz.

WHEN the war came he was assigned to the Great Lakes Training Station. Later:

"Our next assignment was the First Liberty Loan drive in Baltimore. Mr. Van Lear Black, chairman of the committee, in discussing the probable success of the drive, said to me, 'I am very much encouraged since the arrival of your band. Now I believe we will be able to raise eight million dollars.'

"Before it was over we had raised nearly twenty-one million."

For more than half a century Sousa "called the tunes for American popular music." "So far as influence and importance in developing taste go," says the Baltimore *Sun*, "the name of Sousa stood alone until the ages of ragtime, blues, and jazz." And follows something to remember about his music:

"It was precisely adapted to the America of its time; it pleased, excited, and exprest the nation of the Chicago World's Fair and the Spanish War, of Gibson girls and De Wolf Hopper and Theodore Roosevelt. It was esthetically simple music, easily remembered and easily whistled, and productive of just a few strong and proper emotions.

"It was made for a more naive America that was still full of bumptious self-assurance and push, that had not yet turned wistful and introspective. It had in powerful proportion the essential qualities of popular music: it made one want to move and it 'organized' its audiences. It was magnetic and exhilarating."

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Fighting Flaming Higher Over Military Training

THE RUNNING FIGHT against the R. O. T. C. and the C. M. T. C. grows hotter.

Firing is at closer range, with the battle line extending from the campus to Congress.

Both sides are armed with figures as shrapnel, and some of the adjectives are loaded with T.N.T.

The point at issue is whether the corps and the citizens' camps are inducing war-mindedness among American youth and whether military training is a proper part of education.

Keystone

"It is Insidiously Encouraging the Abominable Spirit of Militarism"

Says a critic of military training of youth. But 93.6 per cent. of those who reply to a questionnaire say that "a working familiarity with modern military weapons acted as a sobering offset to any romantic conception of warfare." The photograph shows pistol practise at Camp Dix, New Jersey.

No doubt exists in the mind of an editorial writer in *The Reformed Church Messenger*.

"Smash the R. O. T. C.," he exclaims. "It is insidiously encouraging the abominable spirit of militarism. It is taking our young men (and women also) at a time when they are especially susceptible and giving them the attractive and glorified aspects of military life."

More:

"It clothes them in alluring apparel; it gives them pleasing exercise in the open air; it puts guns into their hands and familiarizes them with the enticing activities of the military life.

"Does the commander exhibit the horrible aspects of actual war? Does he initiate them into the disgusting mysteries of the trenches? Does he show them the mangled bodies of the unfortunates who have become 'cannon fodder'?

"By no means! Those terrible things are all concealed; they are not even mentioned. The boys are unconsciously deluded, and under the delusion imbibe the military spirit, and come to think war honorable, heroic, and almost desirable."

EVEN young women are infected by the "contagion," we are told, "for a young woman must be selected as 'honorary captain, or major, or colonel,' and this position is coveted by the young women as conferring great distinction. The whole institution is working much harm, and it is time that the Christian sentiment of the country should be aroused," says the writer, and he concludes, "Smash the unchristian and iniquitous R. O. T. C."

"Those who are attempting to create a bigger and better war-machine," declares the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), "have arrayed against them an ever-increasing body of determined men and women who do not any longer intend to be duped by the raising of false issues, nor fooled by propaganda calculated to divide their forces." Official Church action in the matter is recalled:

"Our last General Conference went on record as opposed to all military training in high schools and to all compulsory military training in colleges and universities.

"Last summer the Delaware Study Conference, not exactly a misled and unrepresentative group, protested against 'the philosophy of fatalism and human depravity as taught in the R. O. T. C.'s and the C. M. T. C.'s . . . as contrary to fact, and the spirit and message of Christ.'

"The same conference further declared 'the time has come for the Church, as an institution, to dissociate itself from all forms of war preparation and propaganda,' and challenged 'any dependence upon any form of armaments as a basis of national security.'"

SOME educators, too, are up in arms against the Training Corps and the citizens' camps. As the Topeka *Capital* recalls, early in February 327 college presidents, deans, professors of education, and other educators memorialized Congress against the R. O. T. C. and the C. M. T. C., on the ground that the schools should be kept "free of such definite propaganda and partizan influences." "We believe," they say, "that this policy is not in accord with the best American tradition, or with the best interests of education."

They declare that "War Department courses are used to teach particular views on economics, peace, history, government, and education," and that "this is a dangerous departure from traditional American policy in education," and causes educational confusion in local schools, colleges and universities wherever the R. O. T. C. appears."

"Certainly a serious charge," says *The Capital*, which asserts that "there is a great volume of evidence that military training, so-called, in the schools amounts to practically nothing, and that this is not the object as the law is administered, but the ulterior purpose is to train students' minds to accept militarism."

What do students themselves think of this military training?

AS mentioned in these pages February 6, a poll conducted by the Intercollegiate Disarmament Council among 24,345 students showed that 81 per cent. of them are opposed to compulsory military training in colleges.

Now another nation-wide survey made by the Office of Education of the Department of the Interior indicates just the opposite sentiment.

The questionnaire was addrest by Ralph Chesney Bishop to 16,416 members of graduating classes between 1920 and 1930 in fifty-four institutions in thirty-nine States and the District of Columbia. In their college years these students took the Reserve Officers' Training Corps course of instruction.

Of 10,166 replies received, 93.6 per cent. said that the training had not made them militaristic; 97.1 per cent. that it had a

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distinct educational value, and 98.5 per cent. that the course should be continued.

The 93.6 per cent. who feel that the training was not productive of a militaristic attitude declare, according to Mr. Bishop's report to Secretary Wilbur, that education in the destructiveness of war is conducive to a sane patriotism and an enlightened attitude toward peace. "They asserted," we read, "that a working familiarity with modern military weapons acted as a sobering offset to any romantic conception of warfare. They pointed out that the R. O. T. C. is a training and not a state of mind."

It was their view, rather, that "the military instructors on the whole had shown the repulsive side of warfare, and had presented their material from the standpoint of emergency application rather than from the standpoint of assuming the inevitability of war."

The 97.1 per cent. who believed the training had educational value depicted it "as providing the student with a coordinated and balanced course in human relations, which combines a practical period of apprenticeship with several years of theory, demonstration, and application." A considerable number point out that "the tactical decisions involved in military problems call for analytical treatment, skill in judgment, and accuracy in decision."

On the other hand, the 6.4 per cent. who believe that the R. O. T. C. training produces a militaristic attitude inimical to world peace "indicated that students assume that they are being trained for the next war and that the very expectation creates a positive belief in the inevitability of war." They believe also that the training "keeps alive a militaristic spirit at the moment when the United States is advancing the Kellogg pact and other pacts for judicial settlement of all international disputes."

A handful said that military training had been an economic detriment. Among the 5.1 per cent. who do not believe military training is of any value, the opinion prevailed, says the report, that the advantage is to the nation and not to the individual.

ON the contrary, the instruction they get, maintains the Springfield *Union*, "does more to teach discipline and arouse qualities of leadership and initiative than impart the art of warfare."

"In fact, the aim of the military training can hardly be to turn out full-fledged officers, for it is obvious that with so comparatively little time devoted to the subject little more than the surface can be scratched.

"Military training for students seems to be principally important for the aid it renders in making them more self-reliant young men rather than for converting them into potential soldiers."

Even with the fifty-three citizens' training camps, we are not militaristic, asserts the Troy *Record*, which points out:

"Our standing Army is about as large as Czecho-Slovakia's, numbering 138,000 men. Our armed forces are one-fifth as great as those of France, one-fourth those of Italy, one-fifth those of Russia. Fortunately, we don't need a big Army. But history tells us that we do need trained officers in reserve. Faith alone does not enforce peace on a warlike world.

"The 39,061 young men of the C. M. T. C. spend forty-eight weeks of each year in humdrum, every-day work. They are not hungry for war. They are not so disquietingly in evidence as 39,000 regular officers would be. But they are 'on call.'"

Testament

By Colum Cearnaigh

WHAT message shall I speak who am grown old?
Grown old with dusty wanderings in far lands,
Whose head is bowed with grief of years, whose hands
Are rough with delving in the crusted mould;
When fled is life's achievement, strong and bold,
And nothing waits this flesh but death's grim bands,
Watching with feeble eyes the ebbing sands,
What message shall I speak who am grown old?

To youth I turn, with all my heart's acclaim:
"Be true to things of worth, and spurning fame,
Seek first the treasure that no gold can buy,
Letting naught blind thy vision of the sky,
So when, at eve, the splendid tryst is come,
God lead thy lingering footsteps safely home."

—*America (New York)*.

The Newspaper in Child Education

PETER RABBIT GAMBOLING across a comic strip won't do any particular harm to Young Hopefuls.

And they won't be particularly interested in stories of love, battle, murder, and sudden death.

So, let your children read the newspapers, urges Walter B. Pitkin, professor of the School of Journalism at Columbia University, in an article in *The Parents' Magazine*.

In fact, Professor Pitkin believes that no child's education is complete without the newspaper.

While DIGEST readers hardly need to be told of the educational value of their magazine, they will be interested to recall that Wilbur Huston, the sixteen-year-old winner of Edison's scientific scholarship in 1929, listed THE DIGEST as one of the four periodicals he would choose if limited to only four. As mentioned in the issue of September 28, 1929, this magazine led the choice among periodicals in approximately 60 per cent. of the 48 contestants replying to the question (one failed to reply), while, as readers of THE DIGEST, 41 out of the total of 49 were "DIGEST-minded." The Edison examination was framed to bring out aptitude in the field of science and to test all-around intelligence.

Until he is about twelve, the child needs no special direction in his newspaper reading, but after that age the parent should aim to stimulate the interest of the child in current affairs, says Professor Pitkin.

"Children should early learn the technique of digesting news articles accurately and quickly," he goes on. "They should never dawdle over a paper. But accuracy is by all means the first requisite. And parents can stimulate accurate reading and recall by indulging in current-information tests disguised as games."

The "bleak and appalling ignorance" which Professor Pitkin found in a simple test in current information taken by several thousand high-school students convinces him that children should be taught how to read newspapers intelligently and digest the news.

Of this test Professor Pitkin tells us:

"Ninety per cent. of them failed miserably and ignobly. Another 5 per cent. did passably well. Not more than 5 per cent. of the entire group had even a reasonable grasp of ordinary news events.

"The children identified George F. Baker, philanthropist, as everything from a prize-fighter to the Secretary of War. They were sure that the Mayor of Chicago was variously a thug, an outlaw, a famous bootlegger, and a European statesman.

"More than a thousand high-school students of a Southern city were similarly tested. Of these, not five hundred could locate the District of Columbia. Those who tried to answer the question at all said that an Electoral College was 'a college where you take what you want.' Only fifteen knew the name of their Mayor."

TEACHERS and parents have only themselves to blame for such "shoddy intellectual equipment," says Professor Pitkin:

"Allowed to do hit-or-miss reading, unsupervised and undirected, never drilled to concentrate, never trained to be

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accurate, children early acquire these slipshod intellectual habits, and spend the rest of their lives trying to overcome them.

"Intelligent parents have a magnificent opportunity to supplement school training with informal and, therefore, doubly valuable discussion and study of to-day's important news.

"It would be an immensely interesting project for parent and child.

"It remains for intelligent parents to make the most of the educational possibilities of American newspapers. No one ever has. Perhaps you will."

Concessions to God

THE DEPRESSION MAY YET BRING US to our knees, says a Bishop who observes that during the days of our prosperity we clothed ourselves in a sanctimonious piety and made only conventional acknowledgment to the Author of all our blessings.

Money for the church when we felt in a generous mood, a memorial when we were glowing with health, gifts for charity when we were sentimentally inclined.

Among the unimportant concessions to religion is the formal opening of business meetings and political conventions with prayer, remarks Bishop Charles Fiske of the Episcopal Diocese of Central New York in a Lenten sermon in the Little Church Around the Corner.

"In June," he says, as his sermon is quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "the two political parties will gather in Chicago. They will solemnly open proceedings with prayer. The Republican parsons will invoke a Republican God for the glory of the Republican candidate. The Democrats will have their parsons looking inquiringly up toward the heavens in the interests of their candidate—for God only knows who the Democrats will nominate."

People are much more interested in their own personal affairs than they are in the welfare of the State or in public morals, says Bishop Fiske:

"This is not only true in Democratic New York, but in Republican Philadelphia and Republican Chicago, where the cities are facing ruin and have had the curtains drawn aside to show the hideous mass of corruption which underlies municipal politics.

"But who cares? The mass of voters are indifferent, and those who ought to be leaders have been too busy to give time to public affairs or to labor for the restoration of standards of public honesty.

"We are even less concerned about morals than about politics.

"Why, there is much more insidious corruption in the motion-pictures of to-day than in all the drinking and gambling going on in the country, but no one will take any interest in it, much less render public assistance.

"The pity of it all is that in pagan America the innocent must suffer with the guilty."

BUT their lack to-day may show people that life does not consist in abundance of material possessions, says Bishop Fiske hopefully:

"Men, who never thought very much about religion, are thinking about it now. Business men have told me that without religion there is no hope of an improvement in conditions. Industry and business are earnestly seeking to rebuild on firmer foundations.

"All the commissions in the land can not induce people to stop hoarding money if they have lost faith in investment bankers and in political blowhards. What religion can do is to bring faith and hope and good-will. It can bring confidence and trust.

"The only hope for our future lies in the return to spiritual values."

If it does not confirm the Bishop's hope, it is at least interesting to know that, in spite of the depression, if not because of it, the sale of the Bible held up in 1931, according to the New York Bible Society. Last year 923,503 Bibles were distributed by the Society.

"The materialistic philosophy of secularism built up with the inflation of material wealth during 1926–29 has been badly battered by the collapse of the last two years," observes Dr. Millard L. Robinson, general secretary of the society. "People generally have been so stunned that they are obliged to find some alternative."

"Which is doubtless true," comments the Buffalo *Courier-Express:*

"The increase of material wealth in the inflation period not only, in many cases, had the effect of taking the spiritual-minded away from their intercourse with God, but generally proved a bad upset for people's standards of values. It inclined great numbers to adopt somewhat of a swagger in their emotional stride and a headstrong heedlessness as to their spiritual destinations.

"Prosperity is perhaps the most effective of stimulants, and for a considerable number it has the effect of an intoxicant.

"Where the Bible opens people's eyes to what they lost when they strayed from an intimate contact with God, or have otherwise never known, they are on the road to true and lasting faith."

Does the Press Bait the Preacher?

ARE MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL the butt and target of the newspapers, as a Virginia man of the cloth complains?

And is the press generally alined with the forces of evil?

The minister was appearing before the Virginia State Senate committee on general laws to advocate the passage of a Blue-Sunday bill that would prohibit most amusements on Sunday, but permit golfers to disport themselves on the green. The bill was rejected by an almost unanimous vote.

"Preachers are abused in the papers, which seem to be on the other side of all questions of Christianity and religion, carping about preachers in politics," the minister is quoted as saying.

To which the Richmond *News-Leader*, whose owner and publisher stands high in the councils of his church, retorts with a flat denial, and with a general reminder of all that the press is doing to promote moral welfare and expose corruption.

Says *The News-Leader:*

"It is true that the press of America, and not least of Virginia, has grown weary of the activities of a little group of ministers, not twenty in number, who have set up their own personal views as the only rule of conduct for 120,000,000 Americans.

"Such men, in our opinion, do vastly more harm to the cause they espouse than they achieve good. They essay to be political bosses in the name of morality, and, unless the American press loses all its vitality and courage, it will oppose them along with all other irresponsible would-be rulers.

"That the press of America, considered as a whole, is 'on the other side on all questions of Christianity and religion,' we flatly deny, and in the denial we know we will be sustained not only by the public but by the majority of ministers as well."

WHEN has a newspaper failed to give publicity to the work of the Church? asks *The News-Leader*. Moreover:

"Are Blue-Sunday observance and Prohibition the whole measure of 'Christianity and religion'? If so, we tremble for the future of both.

"The American press has its black sheep, of course, just as the ministry has. When we measure what the press of the country is doing to promote better health, to get decent housing for the poor, to combat crookedness in government, to defend the underdog when he is right, to demand justice for the weak, to further the holy cause of education, and expose corruption in office—when we reflect on these things we are tempted to no comparisons, but we are not afraid of the judgment of posterity on American newspapers.

"We trust the press may never satisfy the little group of ecclesiastical politicians we have mentioned, but we believe it will never disappoint the expectations of the millions who look to it for information and take a broader view of what constitutes 'Christianity and religion.'"

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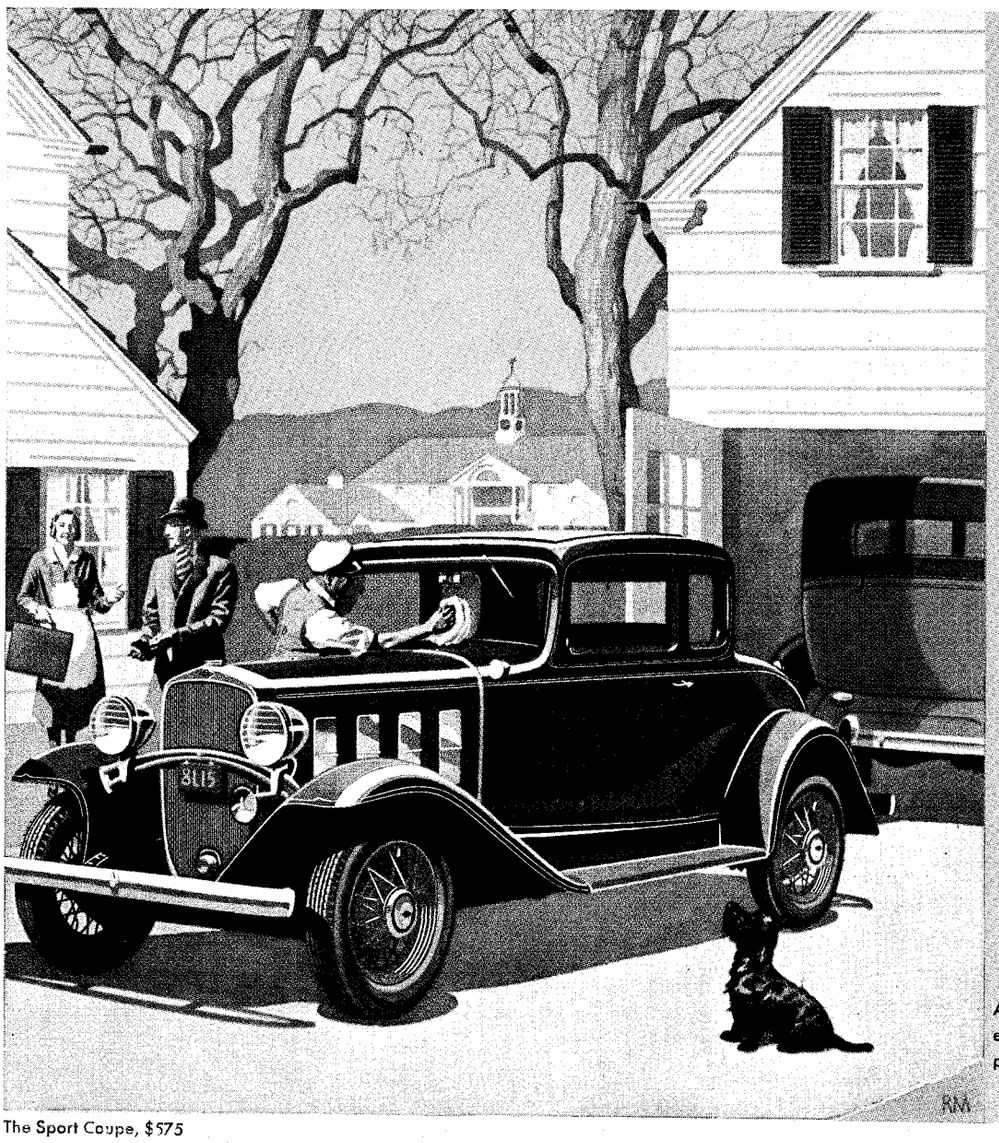

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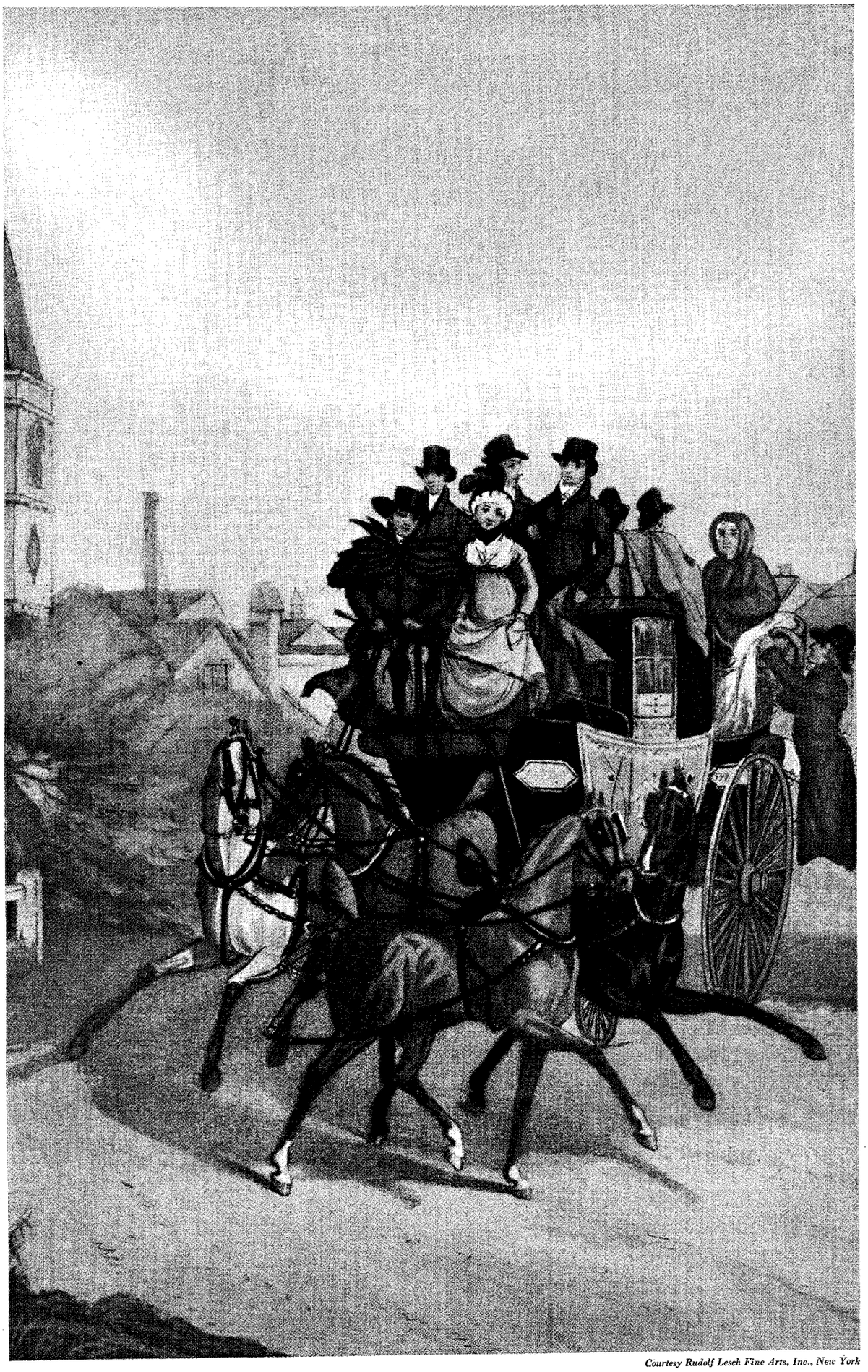

Courtesy Rudolf Lesch Fine Arts, Inc., New York

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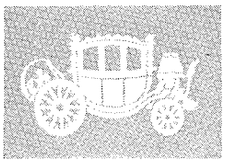
TOLD BY TRAVELERS



"JUNE 12, 1807—We came today by post to Norfolk, sixty long miles. Overcome by fatigues of the journey, I took at once to my bed, where, I fear me, I must for several days remain."

✠ ✠ ✠

"MAY 18, 1871—I had the honor of calling today upon Miss Jenny Lathrop, whose parents kindly consented to her accompanying me for a drive in my chaise. The roads were, however, so frightfully dusty that I doubt whether charming Miss Jenny quite enjoyed the ride."

✠ ✠ ✠

"JULY 9, 1897—We all went upon our tandems for a picnic at Pleasant Point. It is a distance of twenty miles, but we should have made it in three hours if the roads had not been so bad. As it was, we didn't get home till after dark, even though we scorched the last mile or so."

✠ ✠ ✠

"NOVEMBER 23, 1912—We drove to the Yale-Harvard game by auto. Never attempt it, as it is a trying trip—a hundred miles. The roads are miserable and, of course, it rained. Stuck in the mud three times and in the end arrived at the game just in time to see the last rush of the first half. The score was 20-0, as I suppose you know."

✠ ✠ ✠

SO RUNS America's travel log . . . a serial of hardships until recent years. But by 1915 automobiles were owned in great numbers, and in answer to insistent demand there began a nation-wide construction of hard-surfaced roads.

The clouds of dust, the jolting and jerking, the engulfing mud of the old dirt roads are today merely memories for most of us. Broad, smooth highways of concrete reach across our land, and even into the most remote districts. We are told that there are approximately 60,000 miles of concrete or asphalt, another half million and more of otherwise improved roads and highways.

✠ ✠ ✠

IT IS GRATIFYING to the Fisher Body Corporation to know that it helped to bring good roads to America. For popular ownership of automobiles created the demand for improved highways . . . and Fisher's pioneering and development of closed bodies served immeasurably to popularize the automobile, and to make touring feasible.

✠ ✠ ✠

THE BENEFITS of good roads are many. They have made the advantages of the city available to the country, and the beauties of the country accessible to the city. They have made driving, in consequence, America's major pastime and touring its favorite vacation.

In addition, our modern roads serve as important conveying channels for farm and factory produce. They form a huge network for passenger travel by bus. They represent great "Main Streets" for roadside distribution of the farmer's wares. In short, they play a stellar role in both our economic system and our modern social life.

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CURRENT POETRY

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MACFLECKNOE'S biting comments in verse on the idiocies of our times may sink deeper than long editorials. As usual, in *The New Statesman and Nation* (London):

THINGS THAT MATTER

Being paragraph 142a of a Report on "The Human Race and Its Activities" by "Observers" from another planet.

BY MACFLECKNOE

So, since mankind is haunted day and night
  By fear of riots, want, disease, starvation,
Condemned by iron laws to share the plight
  Of fellow-sufferers in each neighbouring nation,
It might have been assumed they would unite
  To solve their problems in co-operation
And practise, what a few fanatics preach,
The law of all for all and each for each.
To find a cure for cancer; to devise
  Some means of getting goods to those who need them,
Creating not unprofitable ties
  Between the folk who're fed and those who feed them;
To conquer insect pests; to mobilise
  Credit, and justice, for all men—and lead them
Through sheer increase of knowledge and of wealth
To some degree of happiness and health.

Instead, it seems that their supremest joy
  And that wherein they take the greatest pains
Is not to multiply, but to destroy
  With shells, and bombs, and mines, their hard-won gains;
And every State retains in its employ
  People of public spirit and of brains
Who spend their time discovering deadly gases
For killing off their fellow men in masses.

In fact, we found them solemnly debating
  If they could even limit what they spend
On scientific means for desolating
  Unnumbered homes and cornfields without end.
Meanwhile, we left those other problems waiting
  Their ampler leisure—hence we recommend
To send no more "observers" to humanity
Except our wisest experts in insanity.

WHO goes out to kill the wild creature must stifle his sense of beauty. In *Harper's Magazine:*

OPEN SEASON

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

Slow be the foot, and slow the wings.
Swiftness of motion surely brings
An end to the running, an end to the flying,
Movement stilled, and the heartbeat dying.

Wise are the ways that the ermines know
Of matching their pelts to a flake of snow.
Sure is the impulse that sends geese forth
On wing-blades sped by a blast from the north.
Yet the time has come when the widest sky
Is a trap of steel for a passer-by;
When ice-locked river, and lowland, and field
Have a scent to give forth and a runner to yield.
And how should a fugitive guess or heed
That his uttermost danger lies in his speed?
But the stag in his bound and the fox in his stride,
The hare in his leap down a slant hillside
With his front paws stiff and his ears laid back,
The lynx in his lope on a single track,
Black ducks in a volley that spurts from the sedge,
Give hunting a zest and hunger an edge.
There are mouths to be fed and a larder to fill,
But the beauty of fleetness stopped dead-still—
At this, man shoots when he shoots to kill.

Then slow be the foot, and slow the wings.
Swiftness of motion surely brings
An end to the running, an end to the flying,
Movement stilled, and the heartbeat dying.

WHO hasn't had this chance encounter and struck up a temporary friendship? Sometimes the dog comes tearing back at call. In *The Herald Tribune Books* (New York):

THE LEAN DOG

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

As I turned into the leafless wood,
There by my path a lean dog stood,
A dour, lean dog, alert and waiting!
The trees rose black as an iron grating
And all the forest looked to me
A fortress locked, whereof the key
Was held by Winter. In his cowl
Of fur, monk-like, with solemn jowl,
A kind of Vergil to my Dante,
The creature seemed. My flesh felt scanty
Above my bones. The wind blew wry.
I looked the lean dog in the eye
And said: "Then be my guide, good knave!"
His look was beautiful and grave—
A covenant. On through the barren
And bitter wood, past cave and warren
He led. . . . The body of the brute,
Moving, clean-muscled and astute,
Took half the burden of the fear
That I had set myself to bear
In such a place. Breathless, we two
Traveled the way that spirits do,
Saying no word of what is felt—
The strange dog in his grizzled pelt,
I in my cape, past sable tomb
Of rock, and past the witch's broom
Of alders, peering at old stumps
Like cauldrons, or the withered rumps
Of fallen trees—so won our way
Forth to some remnant of the day
We'd started from. The fields lay candid
Before us. Village lamps shone splendid
Beyond. . . . Abruptly he was off,
The strong fur tense upon the scruff
Of his great neck. It was the end
Of our acquaintance! Not quite friend,
I mourned him yet for what I owed.
So might two pilgrims of the road
Make common cause against all evils
Of night—and sundry other perils.
So one of two who meet and pass
Might wonder who the other was.

MR. SOSKIN reviews a book in which a "white professional patron of Negro art advises poets to go back to their African roots and their pagan spirit, and is confronted with the simple statement, 'I ain't got no African spirit.'"

So in the New York *Evening Post* he concocts for him a

"SPIRICHEL" IN HIS NEW MOOD

BY WILLIAM SOSKIN

I'm weary, weary, weary, Lawd,
Singin' 'bout Jericho's walls,
I'm weary, in addition, Lawd,
Singin' of de sinner who falls.

A colored man,
American,
Ain't got much African in 'im.
He'd rather sing a bit of Mozart,
Lawd,
He'd rather live at the Beaux Arts,
Lawd,
Cause he finds dem spirichels,
Lawd,
Go agin' 'im.

I'm just a po' singer, Lawd.
Sing Rimsky!
And I want to stop swingin' chariots low,
I want to listen to dem lambs no mo'.
Sing Stravinsky!
When I get to heaven gonna take off my spir'chels.
Sing Rimsky!
Sing Stravinsky!

IN the New York *Sun* is a poem that stands for a review of Philip Gibbs's "The Golden Years," and is a celebration of—

IN GRANDMOTHER'S DAY

BY D. W. L.

No movie hero batted soulful eyes,
  Melting a perfumed audience to tears;
No marcelled crooner megaphoned his sighs,
  Turning 'em limp, back in those golden years.

No cars were parked along the public road,
  With petters unconcerned if you or I
Should chance to pass; that was not once the mode;
  It was not so, in golden years gone by.

No lazing escort's loudly honking horn,
  Brought damsels humbly scampering from the door,
No stags cut in, the stag line was not born,
  They begged the honor in the days of yore.

In those times love kept to a modest bower
  Kisses came seldom, quick the lad and bold,
Who even glimpsed an ankle in a shower,
  Or even briefly got a hand to hold.

The rough and ready gals of nowadays
  Are quite unlike; but if you ask me should
They change their gin and baccy laden ways:
  I'll duck a frightened head and knock on wood.

INSTEAD of seeing terrors in the deser , we find in *Westward* (San Francisco) that i. outbids any land "of mountain or sea of sail":

WIND-TORTURED LAND

BY VIRGINIA SPATES

The desert wind sweeps every hope away:
Those who have dared to venture mule and pack
Within the margin of its chosen track
Are scattered bones it will give up—some day.
The rough oldtimers have been heard to say
That hell itself would be considered slack
In terror, after burning sand and lack
Of water sucked a man too dry to pray.

But there is beauty in this tortured sand
Above the call of mountain or of sail;
No matter how their wonders lure and gleam,
They cannot equal this enchanted land.
When all the reaches of the earth shall fail,
The desert holds the answer to your dream.

OURS may stand in history as the period when economic doctrine even tinctured our poetry. Witness *The Spectator* (London):

GOLD

A DOMESTIC DIALOGUE

BY JAN STRUTHER

"All gold is fled," I hear you say,
"From this poor realm of ours to-day:
Rapacious men from foreign lands
With systematic sinuous hands
Have borne it off across the sea
Till none is left for you and me."
Courage, my love, for I will make
A list of gold that none can take.

Veined gold of drooping chestnut leaves;
Starred gold of stonecrop on the eaves;
Frail flattened coins that shake and spin
Between the birch-tree's fingers thin;
Lace-gold of bracken; gold that lies
Heaped in the cornfields' treasuries;
Gold of sharp quince, smooth bergamot,
Silk plum and velvet apricot,
Marigold, musk and tormentil—
These, look, and these, are with us still.

Heavy and sad, you shake your head:
"Even these, and these, will soon be dead."
Well, and what then? We still can share
The gleam of gold that lingers there
Entrapped in our Betsinda's hair.

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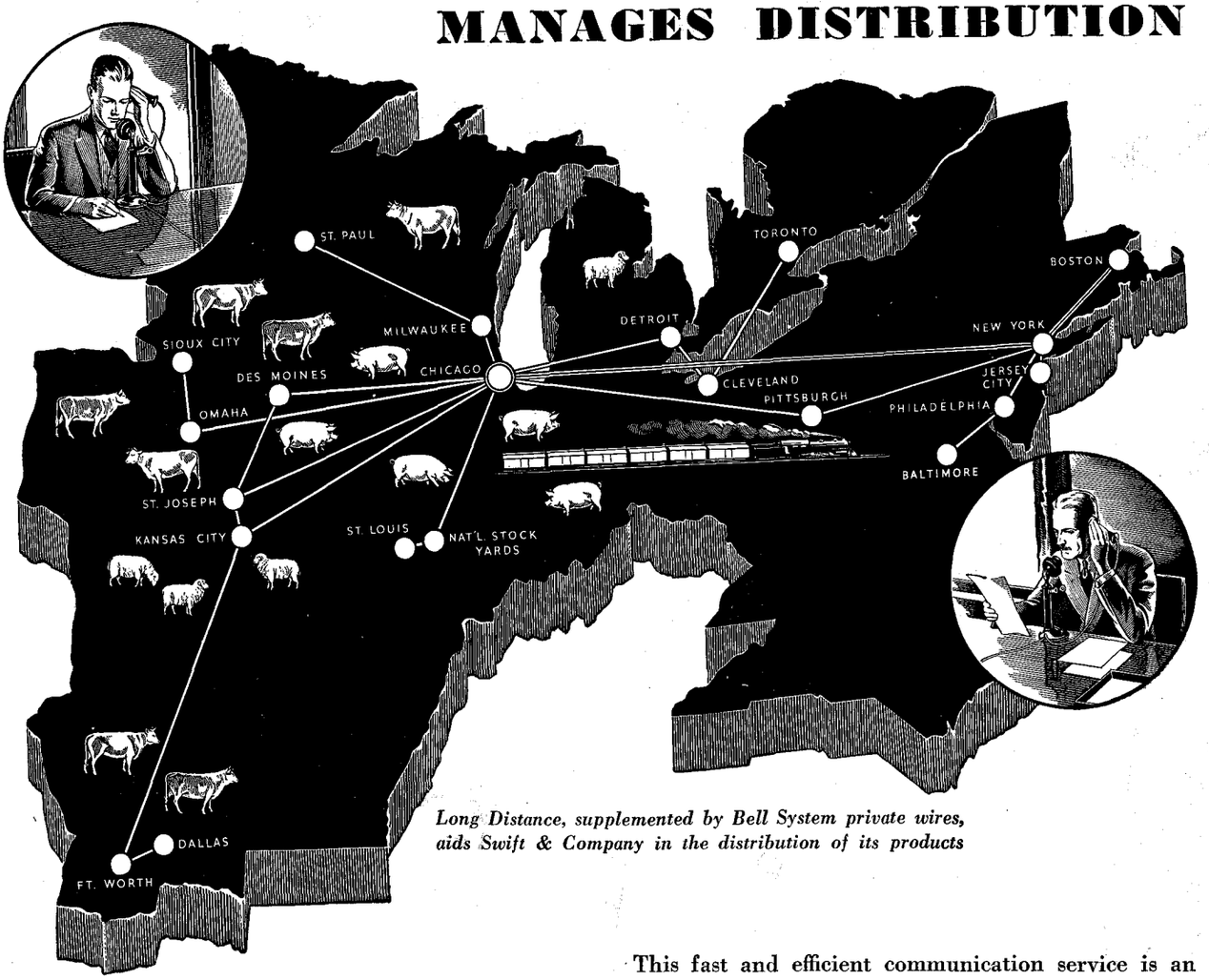
HOW A LARGE PACKER MANAGES DISTRIBUTION



Long Distance, supplemented by Bell System private wires, aids Swift & Company in the distribution of its products

FRESH meat is perishable, and must be sold promptly. Therefore, executives of the great meat-packing organizations must keep their fingers on the pulse of markets throughout the country, so as to meet the distribution problems peculiar to their business.

Swift & Company does this largely by means of Long Distance telephone service and private wires. District sales offices also are linked to the Chicago headquarters by a Bell System private telegraph network, over which is sent important, last minute information.

Operations in the Pittsburgh district are typical. In this district, there are 21 wholesale branch houses. Each day, as market prices are received in the district office over the private wire network, they are given by Long Distance telephone to the branches. Communication is maintained by telephone throughout the day, not only between the district office and the branches, but also between the branches and their salesmen in the field.

This fast and efficient communication service is an important part of a definite sales plan which enables Swift & Company to serve its customers quickly and economically.

Other businesses also find the Long Distance telephone of great value in solving their particular production and distribution problems. Best results are generally obtained by following a definite plan. The Bell System, to help its subscribers build business and cut costs, has developed the Telephone Plan of Market Coverage. Features of this plan can be custom-fitted to the special needs of your company.

LONG DISTANCE COSTS ARE LOW

Typical station-to-station day rates: Pittsburgh to Washington, $1; *Toledo to St. Louis,* $1.75; *New York to Cleveland,* $1.80; *New Orleans to Indianapolis,* $2.75; *Boston to Kansas City,* $4.50. *Evening and night rates are still lower.*

JUST CALL THE BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

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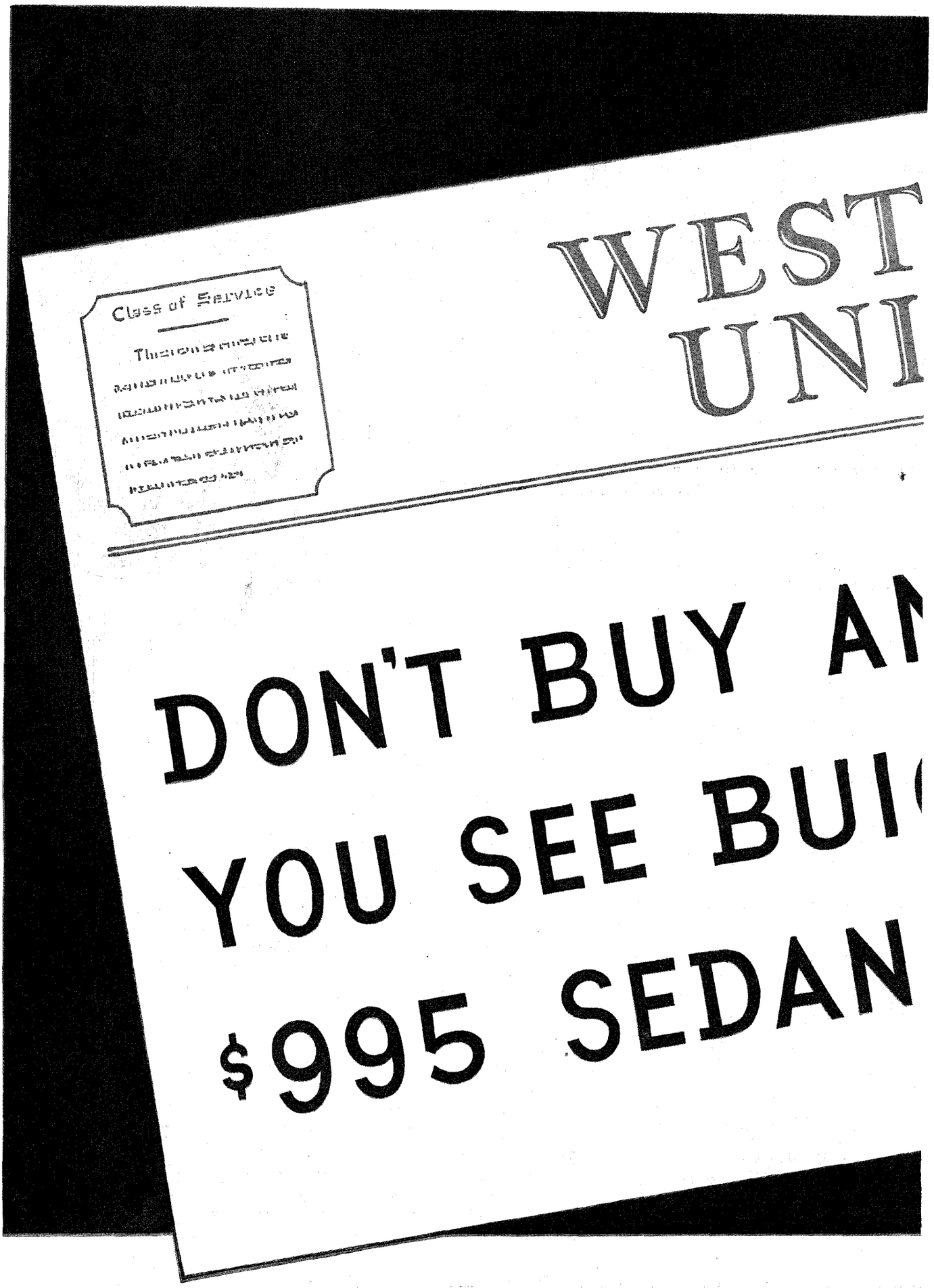

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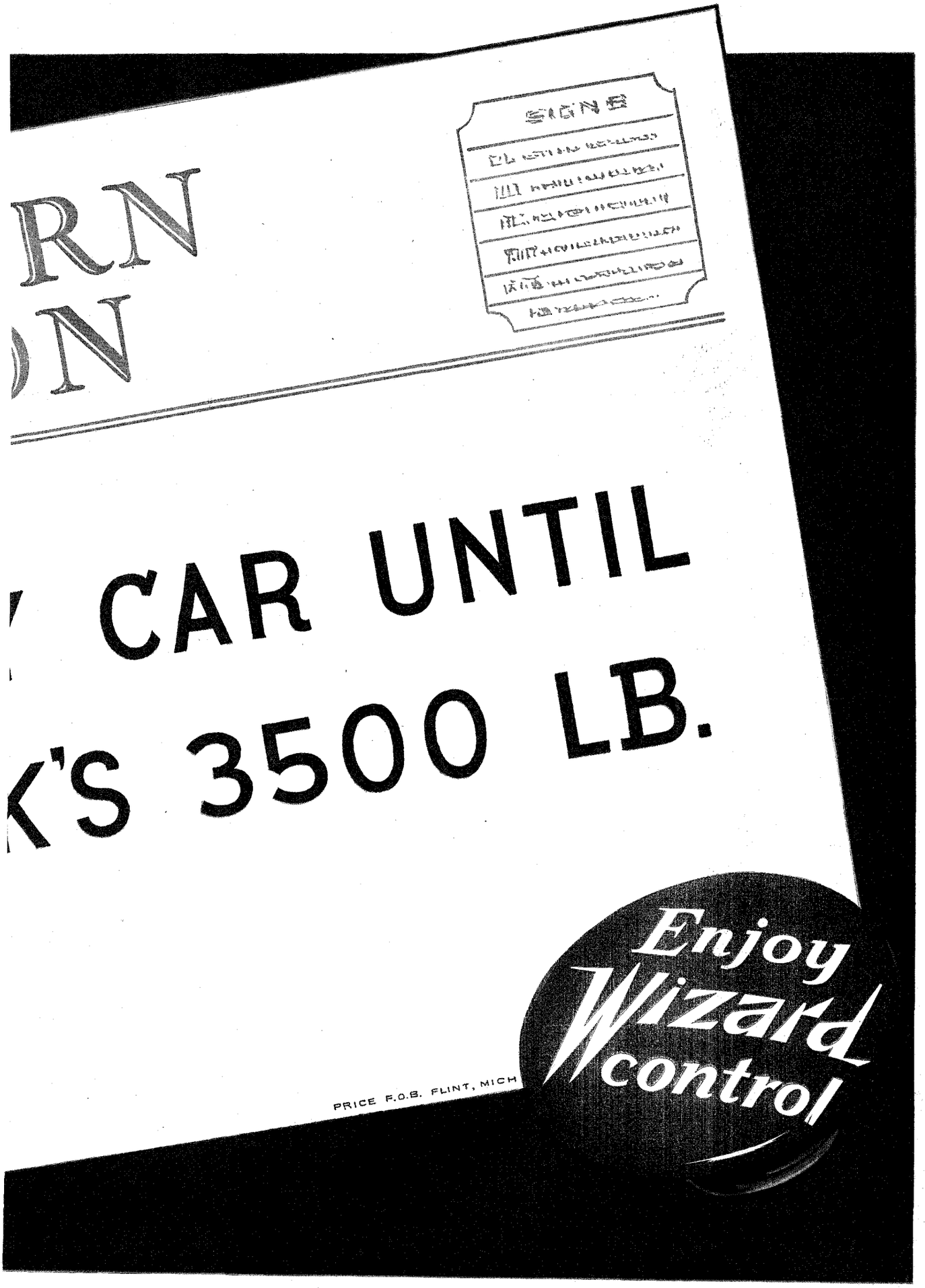

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An Industrial Fairy-Tale

THIS IS WHAT J. H. KEMPTON CALLS the description of the Russian "Five-Year Plan," as spread on the pages of "New Russia's Primer," for children under twelve, recently translated into English.

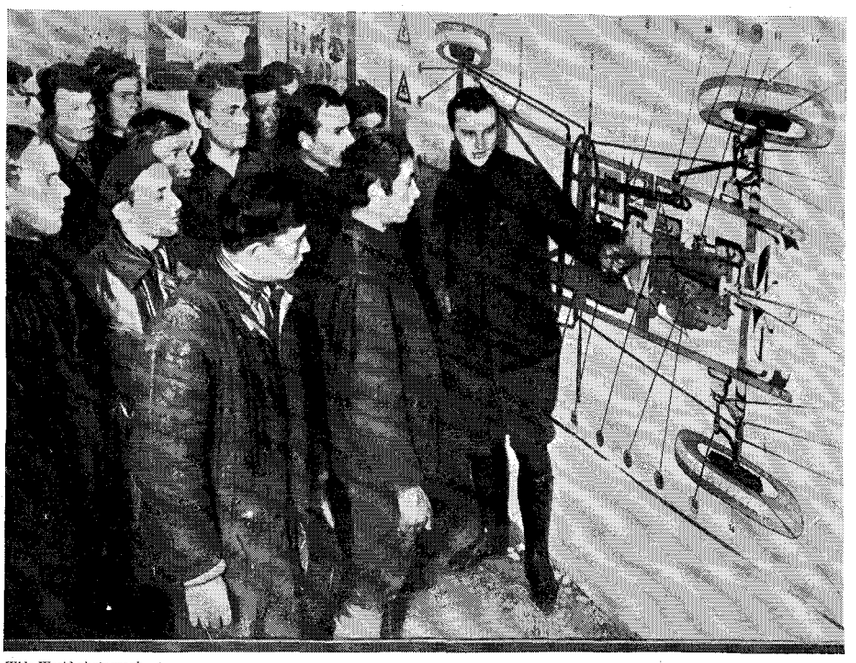
In a review in *The Journal of Heredity* (Washington), under the heading "Soviet Factory Fables," Mr. Kempton tells us that what the Russians are trying to do reminds him of "early childhood days, when great things were afoot and insurmountable obstacles were miraculously thrust aside."

He writes:

"Until the revolution, the Russians seemed to possess a perfect immunity to the machine idea.

"Apparently, however, it was rather freedom from exposure, for, since the idea gained entrance to the U. S. S. R., it has spread like a plague.

"Factories, factories, and still more factories are projected, and even agriculture is envisaged as a colossal food factory. Our own modest efforts to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before are trivial. The mere thought of converting a rather primitive agricultural society into something surpassing a modern industrial organization is staggering, yet the Russians hope to accomplish just this, and to do it in five years."



Wide World photograph

Soviet Class in Automobile Construction

At the Nizhni Novgorod automobile plant—largest in the world except the Ford River Rouge works—with a production capacity of 120,000 cars and trucks.

A STRANGE mixture of youth and age appears here—men with the minds of children or children with the cleverness of adults. As Mr. Kempton puts it:

"They are bringing to this problem not only the delightful naïveté of the imaginative child, but the consummate skill of the practised propagandist. Nothing is being overlooked that may contribute to the success of this gigantic undertaking.

"Workers, at present, may be underfed and overworked, they may be ill-clothed and ill-sheltered, but in the success of the Five-Year Plan they are shown their reward. Even the children are enrolled in the program.

"Unfortunately, most of our knowledge of Russian aims and methods reaches us only through the medium of a possibly prejudiced or inadequately informed press. The picture of Russia that we have seen is one where the individual is sacrificed for the benefit of the State; there has been very little evidence that the Bolsheviks ever thought much of individuals as separate entities with diverse desires. However, we now have an authentic translation of the 'New Russia's Primer,' which shows among other things that the ultimate aim of all this frantic industrialization is to make life more satisfactory for the individual.

"Addrest to children under twelve years, the object of this little book is to arouse their enthusiasm for the Five-Year Plan by pointing out a few activities wherein even a child may contribute his worth-while mite to the realization of the glorious future."

CONSIDERING these children are twelve-year-olds or younger, Mr. Kempton thinks that the State has high expectations for them, but then, he says, high expectations seem to be the distinguishing characteristic of those in control of Russia. Just a few of the things assigned to the children, in the new Soviet primer, are listed by him as follows:

"'To discover beds of lime and phosphorus.

"'To sort and treat with insecticide 100 per cent. of all grain used in *kolkhozes* and on farms of your parents.

"'To plant ten trees each in five years; to create pioneer forests of seventy-five million trees.

"'To destroy bedbugs, roaches, and flies in five hundred thousand houses. Each troop should clean up ten houses.

"'To teach the illiterate to read and write. Each troop should endeavor to wipe out illiteracy in its region.'

"As a reward for doing well these and many other similar tasks, the children are promised a complete metamorphosis from the hard labor and squalor of their present grub existence, to the carefree and beautiful life of the adult butterfly.

"Not only will there be a great reduction in the hours of labor, but the very places in which they live are to be redesigned. The Civic Centers of their cities of the future are not to be parks, markets or public buildings, but roaring factories from which broad avenues radiate to the residential belt, where 'Each dwelling will turn toward the sun in order to get as much of its light as possible.'

"Could anything be more pathetically childlike? We, who have had factories for so long, find it hard to realize that to the Russians they are still gaudy toys that clang, clang, clang, belch smoke, and turn wheels."

The root of the delusion seems to be something like this:

"The Russians are, apparently, thoroughly 'sold' on the idea that complete industrialization spells happiness. They believe that State ownership, instead of capitalistic ownership, of machines makes the difference between heaven and hell, and however much one may feel that they are chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, one can not help admiring their determination to follow their convictions.

"The story of the Five-Year Plan is written by an engineer, but an engineer far more poetical than practical, and its parables resemble nothing so much as the old Russian fable of 'Mr. Bear squash-you-all-flat.' After a series of terrible struggles everything comes out all right in the end, due to a combination of magic and fairy-godmother intervention.

"Everything is considered, from the production of food, the trials of the kitchen, the operation of mines, factories, and electric-plants, to the manner in which the worker is to pass his hours of leisure in the evening, protected from the riotous sounds of children at play. It is a complete plan.

"One can not help feeling a bit wistful while reading this Russian industrial fairy-tale, for one recaptures early childhood days when great things were afoot and insurmountable obstacles were miraculously thrust aside.

"Our feeling, on finishing this primer, is the same sort of amused tolerance we have for the ambitious child who undertakes an impossible task with the faith that sometimes moves mountains, but too often leads only to disillusionment."

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OLDSMOBILE Six and Eight
PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Two Great New Cars, With New Appeals In Style, Comfort And Performance

In a larger, finer, faster Six and a brilliant new Straight Eight for 1932, Oldsmobile presents two new motor cars of exceptional all-round appeal. Styling is new and distinctive. Wheelbases are longer. Bodies are roomier. Free Wheeling, the Syncro-Mesh transmission with silent second, the new Ride Regulator, double-action hydraulic shock absorbers, and many other engineering features of major importance are standard equipment. Performance is smooth, quiet, and unusually capable. The new six-cylinder engine of 74 horsepower and the new Straight Eight of 87 horsepower are designed on the most efficient high-compression principle. In every way, these are the finest cars Oldsmobile has ever offered. You can prove their value by comparing them with other good cars in the same moderate price field.

THE NEW OLDSMOBILE THE SIX FROM $875 • • THE EIGHT FROM $975 • • F. O. B. LANSING

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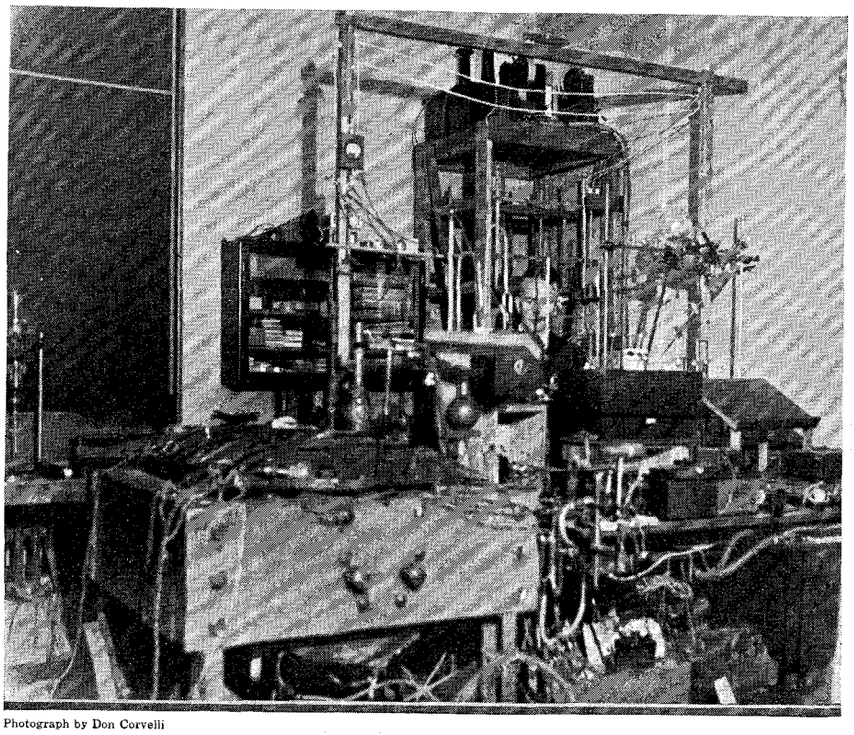
Electric Death-Lure for Mosquitoes

IS A "DE-SKEETERIZER" to be one of the electric conveniences of the near future?

Will the complete home have its little siren to lure the mosquito to an untimely death, just as mariners of the days of the Odyssey were destroyed?

By producing electrically a typical "mosquito hum," the mating-call of the female mosquito, it may be possible to lure the males to destruction, and thus overcome the pest. A discovery that engenders such a hope has been reported by Prof. Elihu Thomson of the General Electric Company. To quote a press bulletin issued by the company's news bureau:



Photograph by Don Corvelli

A Two-Ton Instrument to Weigh an Atom

Dr. Bainbridge and his out-size scales.

"Thousands of male mosquitoes met death, last summer, in the laboratory directed by Professor Thomson, because they mistook the steady hum set up by a large electric furnace equipment for the song of the 'female of the species,' and swarmed in great numbers over the furnace pit, only to be sizzled in the scorching air.

"The loud drone could be heard throughout the region surrounding the building, and was evidently audible to delicate insect ears in an extensive marshy district just outside the plant. To mosquitoes in that locality the sound of the electric furnace must have seemed like the chant of a multitude of their females, all humming in unison.

"The males flew toward the hum, and a few moments later were dead on the cover of the furnace.

"Countless numbers of their dead bodies were observed there by the laboratory workers.

"Prof. George H. Parker of the department of zoology at Harvard University told Professor Thomson there is plausibility in the explanation which occurred to him. Female mosquitoes, Professor Parker said, hum to attract the males, which are silent.

"'It is easy,' said Professor Thomson, 'to organize an electromagnetic "hummer" which, at small expense of energy, can spread over a large space the peculiar hum and attract the males; perhaps also repelling the females. Various ways of trapping the males may be suggested, as they need not be desiccated or cooked to get rid of them. They may be burned, or drowned, or shocked.

"'Certainly, if the male can be drawn to a spot and destroyed, the egg-laying power of the female would be curtailed, and we shall have a great diminution in the mosquito population. It is possible even that the whole race of them can be thus decimated or extinguished by proper utilization of these principles.'"

Weighing Atoms

IT TAKES A TWO-TON INSTRUMENT to weigh an atom—an invisible speck so tiny that 300,000 of them would be just visible under a powerful microscope.

Built by Dr. Kenneth T. Bainbridge in his laboratory in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, this "mass spectrograph," as it is called, contains one of the strongest magnets in the world.

By its aid atoms of slightly differing weights—the "isotopes"—are sorted out from an element and their paths photographed.

Dr. Bainbridge exhibited his machine recently to the American Physical Society, says Waldemar Kaempffert, describing it in the New York *Times:*

"The United States has been hampered in its study of the atom, because none of its research institutions had such an instrument. Dr. Kenneth T. Bainbridge of the Barton Research Foundation, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, now makes good that deficiency.

"Altho intended to weigh invisible atoms, some 300,000 of which would be just about visible under a microscope, Dr. Bainbridge's mass spectrograph weighs two tons. Most of the weight lies in one of the strongest magnets in the country.

"The exciting current generates so much heat that the winding must be water-cooled. Yet this seemingly coarse, heavy instrument is one of the most powerful yet delicate research tools ever invented. It can sort out isotopes with an accuracy of one part in 10,000. With its aid a new American attack is to be made on the almost impregnable nucleus of the atom.

"Instead of blasting the nucleus of an atom apart—the method of Prof. E. O. Lawrence, Dr. M. A. Tube, and Dr. Robert J. Van de Graaff—Dr. Bainbridge will follow Aston's method, and study it as a whole as it is pulled aside by a magnet, to splash on a sensitive photographic plate."

The First Robin

BY now everybody should have seen him, says Dr. Frank Thone, Science Service staff-writer, even in parts of the country where winter has been severe and lingered long.

For the robin is a hardy fellow, and flies north before the ice is off the ponds. He goes on:

"You will often hear his stubbornly optimistic 'Cheer-up! cheer-up! cheer-up!' shouted through the flakes of a whirling late snow-storm.

"He's a good forager, and makes a first-class advance-guard for the army of songsters that are to follow.

"As a matter of fact, the robin is such a good hand at looking out for himself, even in nasty weather, that it is not an uncommon thing for him to stay around all winter, lurking in sheltered spots in the woods.

"He is quieter then, and most people don't notice him as they do the brighter and more vocal cardinal. He seldom appears near the haunts of men if he does stay as a winter lodger, tho once in a while one will be seen, perhaps in the company of a lot of rowdy slum sparrows, and furnish material for a good local newspaper story.

"The old familiar nursery rime, which is probably the first 'piece of poetry' taught to most children, of course assumed that the robin will stay through the winter as a normal thing, hiding in a barn.

"But that jingle was made in England, and is about an English bird, which is not at all the same as our robin. Our robin is really a red-breasted thrush, larger but not so bright-feathered as his English namesake. It is as normal for him to migrate south as it is for the English robin to face the milder English winter and 'see it through.'"

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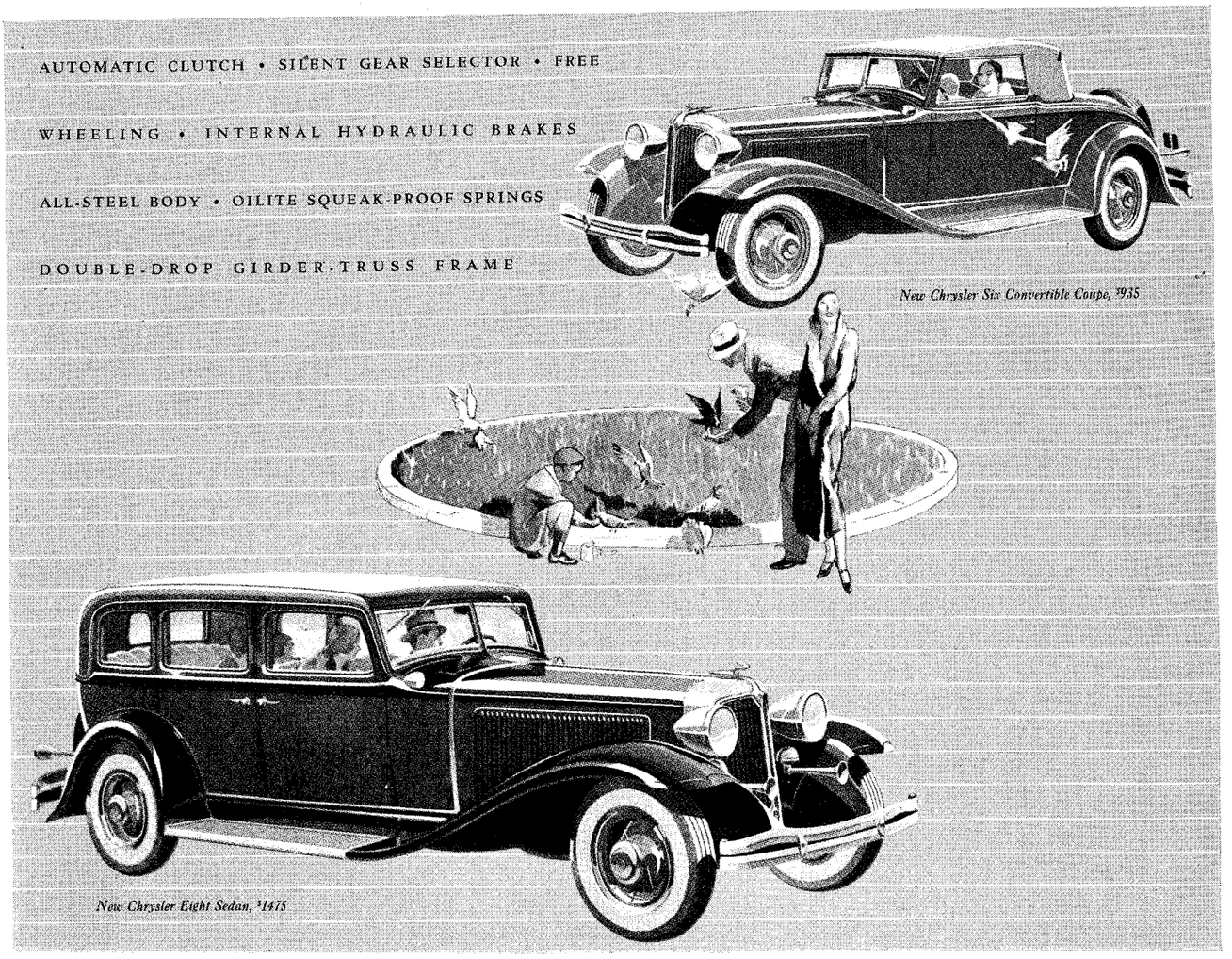
CHRYSLER

with patented *FLOATING POWER*


AUTOMATIC CLUTCH • SILENT GEAR SELECTOR • FREE
WHEELING • INTERNAL HYDRAULIC BRAKES
ALL-STEEL BODY • OILITE SQUEAK-PROOF SPRINGS
DOUBLE-DROP GIRDER-TRUSS FRAME
New Chrysler Six Convertible Coupe, $935
New Chrysler Eight Sedan, $1475

Chrysler Repeats Its Challenge

With the introduction of its outstanding new cars, Chrysler issued the plain-spoken challenge—"What is there to match the new Chrysler engineering developments?" The answer has not been found. The challenge is repeated.

What is there to match Chrysler's patented Floating Power? . . . A revolutionary new way of suspending an engine in a chassis. Completely wipes out power tremor at all car speeds. Creates an altogether new "feeling" in motoring.

Or match Chrysler's Automatic Clutch? Completely automatic. Leaves your left foot perfectly idle.

Or match Chrysler's Silent Gear Selector? . . . You move the lever freely into place in any direction without touching the clutch pedal—starting from a standstill or traveling at any speed, or even when reversing.

Or match Chrysler's Free Wheeling? Real Free Wheeling—an entirely separate unit at the rear of the transmission.

Or match Chrysler's Hydraulic Brakes? They are simpler. Fewer parts. Never need lubrication. Always *equalized*.

Or match Chrysler's Centrifuse Brake Drums? . . . New and larger brake drums of steel with a cast-iron lining—the steel and iron *permanently* fused together. Brakes that last longer, remain cooler, retain uniform efficiency.

Or match Chrysler's All-Steel Body? Modern *all-steel* construction, rigidly reinforced and welded into one piece. Entire body sound-insulated.

Or match Chrysler's Double-Drop Girder-Truss Frame? . . . Amazingly rigid construction—a distortion-proof foundation for the body.

You'll be happier with a Chrysler

Or match Chrysler's Oilite Squeak-Proof Springs? . . . Regardless of mud, snow, ice or dirt, these springs *will not squeak*—and *never* need lubrication.

Or match Chrysler's Speed and Pick-up? . . . You may never care to drive 75—85—90 miles an hour, but the great power that makes these speeds possible makes Chryslers at any speeds the most enjoyable cars under the sun.

Or match Chrysler's great values? Just compare!

A new Chrysler Six, 5 body models, $885 to $935 (Automatic Clutch and Oilite Squeak-Proof Springs on all Sixes at slight extra cost); a new Chrysler Eight, 5 body models, $1435 to $1695; a new Chrysler Imperial Eight, 3 body models, $1925 to $2195; a new Chrysler Imperial Custom Eight, 6 body models, $2895 to $3595. F. O. B. Factory. Duplate Safety Plate Glass standard on Custom Eights. Obtainable on Six and Eight Sedans, $17.50; on Imperial Sedans, $20; all 2-passenger Coupes, $9.50.

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BE "Mouth-Happy"

Surprising . . . how that "wrong side of the bed" feeling can be charmed away with Spud! Full-bodied flavor as you smoke . . . and cool, clean taste that lasts the live-long day.

SMOKE SPUDS

MENTHOL-COOLED

CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (30c IN CANADA)...THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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Wheeling With the Milky Way

LIKE A MONSTROUS WHEEL the Milky Way keeps on turning, and it takes about 250 million years for it to make a single rotation.

The sun with its attendant planets, including our very small earth—mere specks in the unimaginably vast galaxy—must perforce turn with this heavenly wheel.

Compared with this revolution, astronomers now tell us, the turning of our world about the sun is like nothing more than a bit of dust dancing in a shoreless ocean of air. As explained by Dr. Gustaf Stromberg, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, in a leaflet published by the Astronomical Society of the Pacific (San Francisco), this is how modern astro-physicists have discovered the rotation of the great Galaxy. Professor Stromberg writes:

"The Milky Way, or the Galaxy, is the broad belt of diffused light encompassing the entire sky like a dimly luminous girdle. If we look at it through a field-glass, we can easily see that it is composed of a very great number of faint stars. Astronomers have found that the Galaxy forms a vast system of stars in the shape of a watch, flattened in the plane of the Milky Way. The sun lies near the central plane of the system.

"The suggestion of a rotation was made by Lindblad, of Sweden, who made a study of the dynamics of such a system. Oort, of Holland, found evidence of this rotation by studying stars at different distances from the center indicating a motion similar to the planetary motions in the solar system. Further evidence of the rotation has been found, particularly by Plaskett and Pearce, from the motions of the calcium clouds in space.

"The picture we have of the motions in the Galaxy is, at present, something like the following: The center of the system lies somewhere among the dense star-clouds in Sagittarius. The distance from us to the center is of the order of 40,000 light-years, and the sun and the majority of stars in our neighborhood move about this center in a period of about 250 million years. The amount of matter within the sun's orbit represents the mass of about 250 billion times that of our sun, and we find the weight, in pounds, of this mass to be represented by 10 raised to the forty-second power, that is, the figure 1 followed by 42 ciphers. Since we have geological records in the earth for at least 1,000 million years, it follows that the solar system has made several revolutions about the center since the earth was formed."

Killing Paderewski's Echoes

TOO much twang threatened the success of Paderewski's recent huge piano recital in Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Reverberating echoes would scramble the divine tones into a jangling jumble.

But the jangle was cured, and the 16,000 listeners heard every note clear and clean.

This was because 47,000 square feet of sound-absorbing material had been stretched like a giant blanket over the heads of the audience. This false ceiling had been constructed after a careful investigation by engineers. To quote a mail report of Science Service (Washington):

"The chief difficulty with the acoustics of the big auditorium arose from the excessive reverberation—the prolongation of sound by echoes from the walls and ceiling. A certain amount of it produces a natural effect, but if echoes are too long sustained they produce a jumble. There is a particular period of reverberation that is most desirable for each hall or auditorium. The engineers found that the great size of the Garden made it impossible to apply existing formulas, which are based on spaces up to 2,000,000 cubic feet in capacity. As the capacity of the Garden is 6,200,000 cubic feet, a little less than that of the gas-bags of the airship *Akron*, they had to resort to new methods.

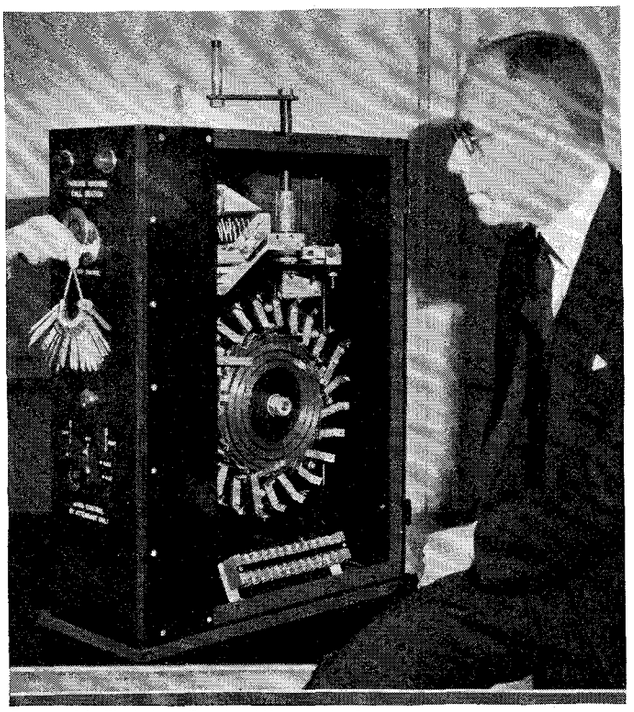
"Using phonograph records which produce tones of known frequency, the engineers measured the actual reverberation period, and found that it was just twice as long as it should be. The audience, covering the floor and banked against the walls, would absorb some echo from those sources, but not enough. A ceiling, made of material which would absorb just the right amount of sound, would do the rest. Rock wool was laid in sections on the girders considerably below the natural ceiling."

One Lock With 24 Different Keys

THERE IS NOTHING NEW IN THE IDEA of one master-key that will operate hundreds of different locks. As Dana said, it is no news when a dog bites a man.

But the man bites the dog when two dozen keys will make one lock do twenty-four different things. That is something of a novelty.

Necessity provoked the development of this unique combination of magnetism and mechanics, according to H. D. James, consulting engineer of the Westinghouse Company, who supervised its evolution, and who now demonstrates its efficiency. Mr. James is thus quoted in a Westinghouse news bulletin:



Courtesy of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company

The Lock With 24 Different Keys

Each car owner gets his own car by a turn of the key.

"One size of our vertical parking machine houses twenty-four automobiles owned by twenty-four different people. Each motorist wants an exclusive space or cradle so that he can come and go as he pleases.

"Formerly we had a sort of switchboard with twenty-four separate locks and a master-lock. As a motorist put his key in the corresponding lock and gave it a quarter turn, his action started machinery that brought his car or cradle to the door-level. By turning the key in the master-lock the motorist caused the doors to open when his car or cradle was in position.

"The annoyance of finding the right keyhole on a large panel has been eliminated in a new parking-machine control-unit. It is now possible to get the same individual service for twenty-four customers with only one lock and twenty-four different keys.

"Inside is an arrangment of levers controlled by the length of the key. As a key is inserted in the lock, a lever moves across a small panel until it comes to rest on a row of six buttons. Then, as the key is turned, a short lug slides along the lever until it is in contact with the exact button controlling the particular cradle for which the motorist holds the key.

"At this instant an electrical circuit is closed and machinery brings the right cradle to the driveway-level ready for use. No key can make a mistake."

STUDENTS of traffic problems have shown much interest in the vertical machine since the first experimental model was put in operation in East Pittsburgh two years ago. Improved machines followed and have been housing cars for more than a year. A recent installation in the Loop district of Chicago has focused attention on its possibilities for public parking, and numerous other installations are under consideration in several cities.

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The Kidnapers' Threat to American Homes

A BLUE-EYED BABY with fair, curly hair is snatched from his crib under cover of darkness and held for ransom.

The whole world is racked with a convulsive sob, for fathers and mothers everywhere appreciate intuitively the anguish that gript Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh when their little son was stolen. Fathers and mothers everywhere realize that it might have been their little boy or girl.

International

Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr.

His abduction is a dare to society to fight it out with gangland.

The Lindbergh baby is kidnaped, and at once international hostilities in the Orient are unceremoniously elbowed off the front page. Newspapers and news services drop other matters and hurry reporters and photographers by the dozens to Hopewell, New Jersey, to cover what they call, according to *Editor and Publisher*, the "biggest human-interest story of the decade."

These reporters make America acquainted overnight with the growth to startling and alarming proportions of the sinister kidnap racket of gangland which has been responsible for some 2,000 abductions in two years, it is estimated, and which counts its profits in the millions. Society makes truce with the underworld in the hope that it can help. Ocean liners arriving at foreign ports a sufficient time after the kidnaping are searched.

America and foreign lands are stirred as very little save another World War could stir them.

WE suppose, remarked a New York *Daily News* editorial a few days after the Lindbergh kidnaping, "that more American children have slept with their parents in the last few nights than for many decades past; that more dogs have been bought for home protection in the last few days, more new firearms procured or old ones oiled and loaded, more children told to go to and from school in pairs or groups and to stick close to school and to one another while away from their parents.

"The kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby has sent an electric shock of terror through the nation. Kidnaping is the most fearsome of all crimes, to parents. The thought that one's child is at the mercy of unknown criminals is far more terrifying than the knowledge that the child is sick or hurt. You can take care of a sick or injured child; we all get sick from time to time. There is nothing you can do directly for a kidnaped child except, possibly, pray."

LOCAL, State, and Federal resources are thrown into the hunt. The Lindbergh home and all the New Jersey countryside for miles around are converted into an armed camp. The scene at the home of the famous flyer one day when the search for his son was in full cry is graphically described by a writer in the New York *Evening Post:*

Telegrams were arriving on special wires strung into the garage. There were fifty of them before noon to-day. The telephone calls were from all over the North American continent. While the reporter was there, one call came in from California, another from Canada, a third from Mexico. Colonel Lindbergh has many friends in Mexico, where his father-in-law was Ambassador from the United States.

A few feet from the house there was intense activity. In the garage on the estate, where the investigators have their headquarters, State troopers, detectives from Newark and Jersey City, private detectives hired by Colonel Lindbergh, were coming and going all the time.

Fifteen State troopers sat at telephones, answering messages, sending information, keeping in touch with the whole world.

Two teletype machines were working constantly. Mail was being opened, sorted, and looked over carefully by another squad of men.

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The Open Challenge

—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

International

James de Jute, Jr.

Kidnapers spirited him away, too, but they couldn't hold him long.

PUBLIC indignation over the Lindbergh kidnaping, and over the abduction of Jimmy de Jute in Niles, Ohio, has run high. Jimmy, however, as you will recall, was speedily rescued from his captors.

There has been talk of America needing a dictator to curb crime. Interest in Federal legislation to curb kidnaping has been greatly increased.

Many accounts of the operations of kidnaping rings have been published. Some stories of the daring and insolence

(*Continued on page 42*)

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Fight— to a Finish!

© 1932 M. L. I. CO.

PHYSICIANS, nurses and public health workers are fighting brilliantly, doggedly and untiringly to conquer tuberculosis. They have cut the deathrate two-thirds in the past thirty years. But because the deathrate has steadily declined, many people are being lulled into a false sense of security, making the fight more difficult.

Tuberculosis is still the chief cause of death of persons between the ages of fifteen and forty-five in this country. Last year, in the United States alone, the disease cost about 86,000 lives.

Not merely the underfed and undernourished are stricken. Many who have every advantage that money and care can provide, unexpectedly develop active tuberculosis.

There is a modern defense against mankind's old enemy, once the most destructive of all diseases. By means of annual physical examinations which include X-ray and other tests for children, and fluoroscopic or X-ray examinations for older persons, the presence of tuberculosis can be detected before serious damage has been done to lungs, bones or other tissues.

Failing such regular health examinations—for old and young—tuberculosis will continue to attack unwary and unsuspecting victims.

Tuberculosis doesn't "just happen." Those in close contact with tuberculosis may contract the disease if not properly guarded against infection. Children are especially susceptible.

Early recognition is the all-important element in preventing the spread of tuberculosis in a family. Immediately after a person is discovered to have the disease, every member of his household should have a complete examination. Clinics are usually available if a private physician cannot be afforded. By prompt measures, it is often possible to find other cases of the disease in such early stages that a rapid and complete cure may be effected.

When each family gives this most valuable cooperation and when each doctor promptly searches for and reports all active cases, tuberculosis will be well on the way to extinction.

Victory can be won in this splendid war —*but not until all take part in this fight to a finish.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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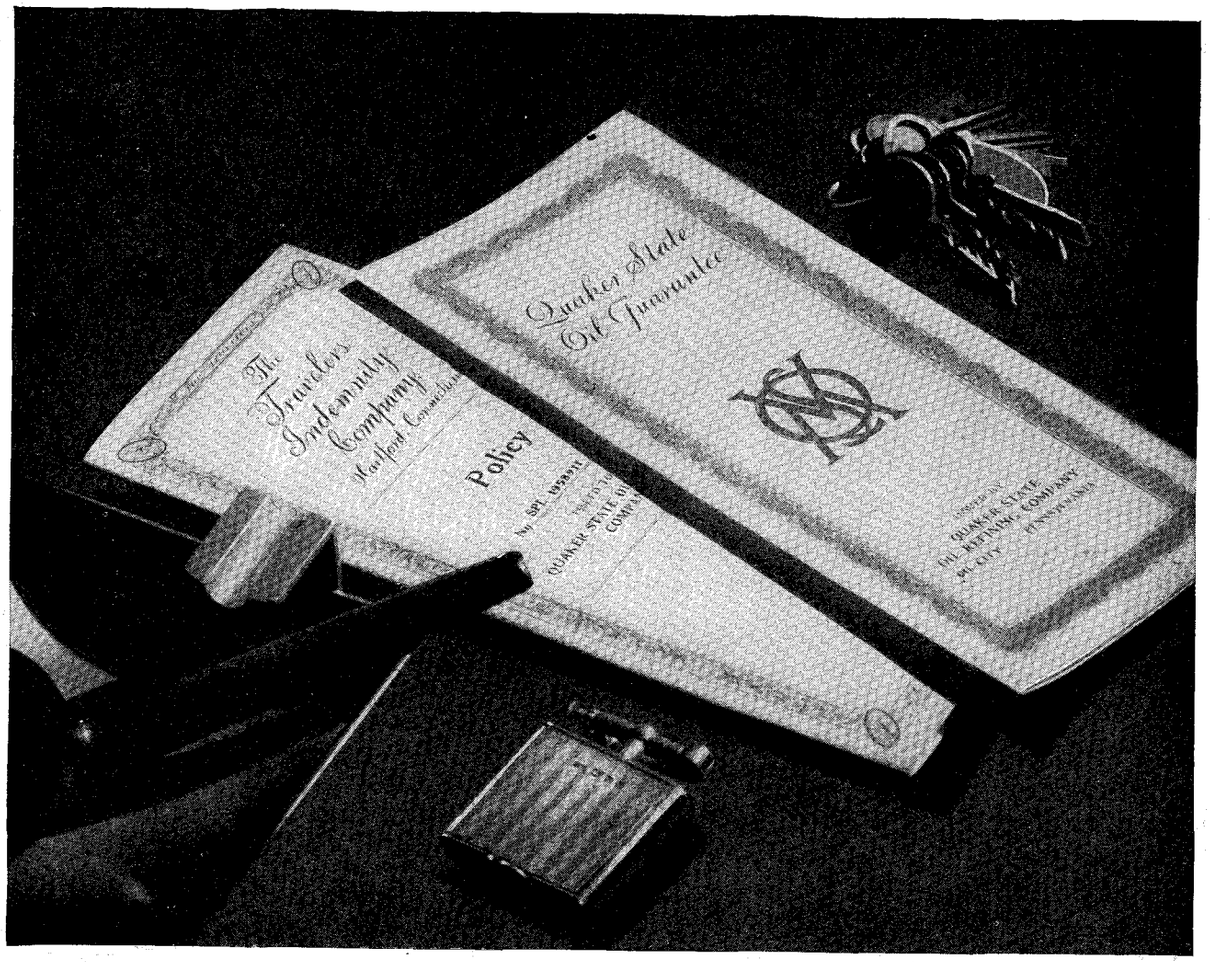
QUAKER STATE ANNOUNCES *Insured*



THE QUAKER STATEMENT

THE LUBRICANTS

1 - Perfected motor oils and greases to meet full requirements of all seasons for each part of every make of car.

2 - Motor oil made from 100% Pennsylvania crude oil: so pure it does not require acid treatment which lessens an oil's oiliness.

3 - By costly, extra refining processes, Quaker State removes the quart of thin, useless oil of little or no lubricating value—which remains in every gallon of ordinary motor oil—and replaces this waste with a quart of rich, full-bodied lubricant. Four full quarts of genuine, heat-resisting lubrication in every gallon.

THE PROPOSITION

1 - Because your car will not operate without oil and grease, you face a choice of brands.

2 - Brands differ greatly in quality; we urge that you use Quaker State, but we do not attempt to prove its superiority by claims alone. Instead we say:

3 - If you will use only Quaker State lubricants in your car, *adopt the Quaker State Plan of Lubrication* and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles" at $3.50, we will supply you with a One Year Guarantee insured in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn., which agrees to pay the customary cost of repairing or replacing any burned out and inoperative bearings resulting from faulty or insufficient lubrication.

Listen in on coast-to-coast broadcast of QUAKER STATE'S CAREFREE PROGRAM— *learn about Quaker State's unusual free offer*

QUAKER MOTOR OILS AND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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LUBRICATION

GOOD-BYE to hit-or-miss oiling and greasing! *NOW* a perfected lubrication plan protected by insurance in The Travelers Indemnity Company

IN the whole history of motoring, no announcement from the oil industry ever approached the importance of this.

To millions of motorists it means the solution of a baffling problem—the proper lubrication of their cars; freedom from the threat of bearing trouble and its always heavy expense. Quaker State's answer is to *insure lubrication* in your car!

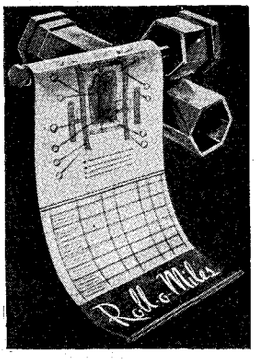
You need this insured protection. Field surveys show that America's motorists lose millions of dollars annually as the result of faulty lubrication. And many who pay for good oils and greases *still* suffer loss from bearing trouble, because even high-grade lubricants are not wholly effective unless applied by a sure-fire, fool-proof plan.

To secure a One Year Insured Guarantee it is asked that you equip your car with a device called "Roll-o-Miles" at the nominal cost of $3.50 (Duty extra in Canada.) Your Insured Guarantee will be sent free with your order for "Roll-o-Miles."

"Roll-o-Miles" is a lubrication guide and Chek-Chart which rolls up and fits into the pocket of your car. It guides the attendant to every lubrication spot with the right lubricant; it records each greasing job and reminds when another is due; helps you get a better trade-in allowance by proving better-than-ordinary care; furnishes the needed evidence in any claim you may have for reimbursement under the terms of the Quaker State Insured Guarantee.

HOW TO GET Insured Lubrication

Check the coupon, either for immediate application or request for the booklet "The Story of Insured Lubrication." Or go to any Quaker State dealer for full details.



STATE
SUPERFINE GREASES

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., Oil City, Pa. Dept. C-1

☐ Please send your free booklet, "The Story of Insured Lubrication."

☐ As per your offer, I enclose $3.50. (Duty extra in Canada.) Send me "Roll-o-Miles" and your FREE Insured Guarantee prepaid.

Name..... Date.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Make of car..... Year of Model.....

Factory or Serial No.....

Brand of oil I am now using.....

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Wide World
Charles Rosenthal

Acme
Mrs. Nell Quinlan Donnelly

Mrs. Gecht

Acme
Dr. Max Gecht

Four Recent Victims of the Kidnap Racket, All of Whom Came Safely Home Again

(*Continued from page 38*)

of these criminals are hardly credible; and yet the sources from which they come constrain us to believe them.

In the New York *Times*, for example, R. L. Duffus tells of a Chicago banker who was twice kidnaped and forced to open the safe in his bank that gangsters might rob it.

Another tale, also from Chicago, and frequently retold of late, has a distinctly humorous flavor.

Dr. and Mrs. Max Gecht were kidnaped, held for ransom, and, upon the payment of same, released. But gangsters, it develops, are not without their softer side.

One of those who had participated in this abduction developed a sentimental interest in Mrs. Gecht. So sentimental, indeed, that after the release he telephoned her and asked for a date.

Quick-witted Mrs. Gecht said yes, and when her underworld admirer arrived he found officers waiting for him. His arrest led to the breaking up of a gang of six members.

The extent of the kidnaping racket may be judged merely by running over the names of a few recent victims. There were Mrs. Nell Quinlan Donnelly and Michael Katz in Kansas City; Dr. Isaac Kelley, Alex Berg, and young Adolphus Busch Orthwein in St. Louis; Charles M. Rosenthal in New York; and Max Price in New Haven.

While the kidnapers "were making their stealthy way toward the Lindbergh home at Hopewell, both Houses of Congress had before them bills making kidnaping a Federal offense, punishable by death, in all cases in which the criminals cross State lines," Mr. Duffus tells us in *The Times*, continuing:

The sponsors of these measures, Senator Roscoe C. Patterson and Representative John J. Cochran, both of Missouri, acted because they believed that kidnaping had reached a point where local authorities unaided could no longer cope with it. It had been added, they thought, to the ominous list of "rackets."

Present laws on kidnaping are inadequate, and clever criminals, backed up by still cleverer legal brains, are often able either to outwit or intimidate the authorities. How these matters work out is shown by these statistics presented by Mr. Duffus:

In 282 kidnapings in 28 States during the past year investigated by Police Chief J. A. Gerk, of St. Louis, only 65 individual convictions have been obtained; tho it is estimated that a total of 2,000 criminals, or from 6 to 10 in each gang, were implicated. Moreover, these cases, all reported to the police, are believed by Chief Gerk and other police officials to represent no more than 50 per cent. of those which actually occurred.

Reviewing the rise of this crime, Chief Gerk has said, according to *The Times:*

"The first victims were members of the gambling fraternity, who rarely reported to the police. The racketeers rightfully assumed that the men would pay and say nothing, which they probably did. At first the extortion demands were not large—$500 and up to a few thousand. But success convinced the kidnapers that they had the opportunity to make easy money."

It has been stated that one Chicago gambler, kidnaped and held under a $200,000 ransom, appealed to Al Capone, then at the height of his power, and that Capone succeeded in having the figure cut to $75,000, which the captive paid.

Rings of kidnapers in Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and probably other cities, have turned their attention more and more from underworld characters to respectable business men and women.

And what are we going to do about the situation?

Editorial after editorial poses the question.

There has been a breakdown in American life, an editorial in the New York *Daily News* warns us; and to this journal it seems that a dictatorship may be necessary to curb crime. But, in his column, "It Seems to Me," in the New York *World-Telegram*, Heywood Broun takes issue with this view and expresses doubt that the processes of law have broken down utterly.

And, replying to those who demand the death penalty for kidnaping, Senator Norris of Nebraska says that probably the certainty of this "would cause some kidnapers to kill their victims in order to destroy the witness."

Now turning back to *The Times*, we find the police view of the question expounded. Again Chief Gerk is quoted, and to this effect:

"There should be a law making kidnaping a Federal offense, which knows no boundaries of cities and States. Department of Justice officials should be in charge of the organized effort to hunt down the perpetrators."

From police officials all over the country have come letters admitting that kidnaping is already a serious problem in their communities, or that they fear it will become so, and supporting a Federal law to suppress it.

The Police Chiefs of Atlanta, Jacksonville, Denver, Birmingham, Dallas, San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago, Butte, El Paso, Indianapolis, Little Rock, Tulsa, and Cleveland are among them.

IT'S TIME WE MET THIS NEW MENACE SQUARELY!
2000 KIDNAPPINGS IN U.S. IN TWO YEARS
LINDBERGH BABY MAN
HUGE KIDNAPPING RING
CHAS. J. KUHN-32

In a Fighting Mood

—Kuhn in the Indianapolis "News."

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Modern care of the teeth

DEMANDS A DENTIFRICE

BASED ON A SCIENTIFICALLY BALANCED FORMULA

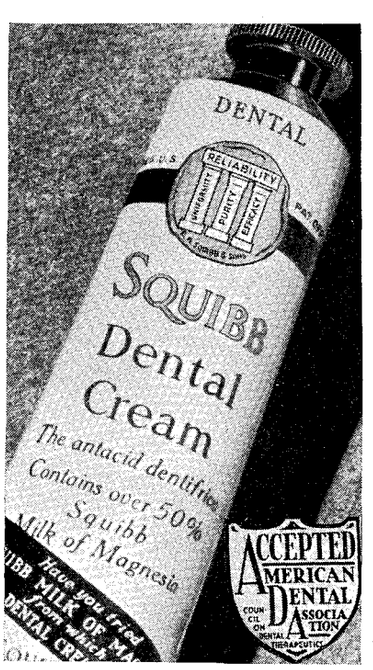
A GREAT many people who pay regular visits to the dentist fail to supplement his up-to-date methods by modern care of their teeth at home. Yet this twice-a-day care *can* be of vital aid in keeping teeth sound and healthy. The results depend on the dentifrice you use.

Squibb Dental Cream is made by a balanced formula, developed through years of scientific research, in collaboration with the leading dental authorities of the country. Dentists everywhere recognize the good qualities of Milk of Magnesia in the care of the teeth. A mild antacid, gentle in its cleansing and polishing action, it is an ideal dentifrice base. Squibb Milk of Magnesia — exceptionally pure, smooth and pleasant-tasting — is combined in carefully balanced proportion with other needed ingredients to make Squibb Dental Cream outstanding among dentifrices.

Squibb's is not only effective but thoroughly safe. It contains no grit nor astringent. There is nothing in it that can harm tooth-enamel or the tender edges of the gums. Its pleasant taste makes it a favorite with children and grown-ups alike. Use it after smoking and see how it refreshes and invigorates your mouth.

Your teeth are among the most valuable assets you possess. Help your dentist protect and preserve them. Brush them, morning and night, with this scientific dental cream. Good druggists everywhere are proud to carry Squibb's.

The American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics, has placed its Seal of Acceptance on Squibb Dental Cream.



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SMOKER PENS CONFESSION

Is Devoted to One Tobacco

Pleads with Makers To "Keep Up Good Work"

Loyalty is a common attribute of pipe smokers. But the loyalty of Mr. N. Sadlier-Brown, a resident of British Columbia, is of a kind and degree that would make any manufacturer feel proud of his product. Here is Mr. Sadlier-Brown's letter:

Blue River
British Columbia
November 26, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

It seems to me that I have been overlooking an obligation in not writing to you what I think about your valuable product, Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. If a good thing is made, it should be boosted by its users.

Edgeworth is the coolest tobacco I ever smoked, and I've tried plenty. It has a flavor all its own, and the "flavor lasts" to the very bottom of the pipe. It's a high grade tobacco, and other tobaccos priced the same don't touch it for quality.

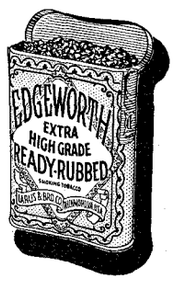
Most important of all, it's the only tobacco I can smoke. I have a bronchial throat, and every make of tobacco I ever tried irritates it—except Edgeworth.

So keep up the good work, for if you stop making Edgeworth I shall have to stop smoking.

Yours faithfully,
N. Sadlier-Brown

The makers of Edgeworth assure Mr. Sadlier-Brown that they certainly *will* "keep up the good work." And they want to assure him too that he will find the same fine quality in the Edgeworth he buys *anywhere*, for Edgeworth quality is always the same. Indeed, Edgeworth has been man's priceless friend for more than 30 years.

Perhaps you have never smoked a pipe. Perhaps you tried a pipe and found it wanting. In either case you are missing some of the real joys of smoking until you know the solid satisfaction of a good pipe *with Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco*. Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys with its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process.



Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 102 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a free sample packet of Edgeworth. Or you can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins.

Do you enjoy listening to the singing of spirituals? Every Thursday evening a group of Edgeworth workers gather at the Edgeworth factory to sing spirituals. You can hear them over the N. B. C. Blue Network. It's a novel and beautiful musical treat.

Tiniest School Due to a Mother's Grit

"WOULD you believe it, mother was going to make me bring along old-fashioned wool underwear!"

Instead, with the thermometer registering twenty-eight below zero, Miss Lois Stoecker, bundled in furs and great rubber overshoes, but still wearing sheer silk hose—she's not yet twenty—goes skiing away to teach her three pupils in what Howard Ferebee describes as probably the tiniest school in any of these United States.

Mrs. Stratton: She Adopted an Orphan to Get a School

"I never get cold any more," says Miss Stoecker, according to an article syndicated in Newspaper Enterprise Association's *Every Week Magazine*. "When I first came here I wore wool stockings and high top-boots, but I found that heavy clothing slowed down my circulation—then the cold hurt."

Miss Stoecker's gay defiance of the wintry blasts that whip back the snow which threatens to cover the old log cabin where she goes to teach the three R's to John and Howard Stratton and Lawrence McLean is on a par with the grit and determination which brought this little school at Highland City, Montana, into being, according to the story told by Mr. Ferebee.

THIS littlest school has an old-fashioned blackboard, a gaily colored map of the world, three desks, and three pupils. It is the brave creation, Mr. Ferebee tells us, of a pioneer mother, determined to win the rudiments of an American education for her boys. Mrs. Fred Stratton challenged prejudice and indifference in her fight for a school in Highland City. She plunged into school-district politics. She even adopted an orphan to make up the number of three pupils required.

AND she won her fight for education in one of Montana's "ghost" mining towns, Mr. Ferebee tells us triumphantly, continuing this interesting narrative of Mrs. Stratton's struggle:

She brought to life again a "ghost" town which had slumbered through years of abandonment. Old Highland City, which once rose almost in a day to challenge the preeminence of Alder Gulch as the leading gold town of the Territory, stirred to accommodate the school her efforts founded.

The Strattons first came to the Highlands some twenty years ago. Their children were born there. They moved out once to give their eldest sons a chance—moved out despite the fact that Stratton had found "pay dirt"—dust and an occasional nugget of gold weighing more than an ounce.

Two other sons were born. This further complicated the situation, for Stratton by no means was able to make a living and keep two homes in two places in operation at once.

So the Highlands became the Strattons' continuous home. He had cattle up there that needed looking after. He had horses

Illustrations from *Every Week Magazine*

Montana's Youngest Schoolma'am in the State's Smallest School

Miss Stoecker and her three pupils, from front to back, Howard and John Stratton, sons of the determined woman who campaigned for education, and Lawrence McLean.

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to offer for hire. There was a mining claim to develop.

Sensing this decision as Stratton was formulating it, Mrs. Stratton rose to the occasion. If her husband must live in the Highlands, well and good, but her children must have schooling.

So Mrs. Stratton appealed to the trustees of School District No. 11.

"A school in a ghost town!" they scoffed.

She called next upon the county superintendent of schools; she appealed to Montana's State Board of Education; she laid her cherished cause before the Governor in Helena.

Finally the indomitable Mrs. Stratton realized the futility of pleading with officials. She carried her fight, says Mr. Ferebee, straight to the voters. And he quotes her directly:

"The people are good, and always ready and willing to cooperate with one another, especially in a sparsely settled region like this, but for the most part they don't know what is going on, and they have no way of finding out."

She told them; and due to her efforts, a new board of school trustees was elected. But even then her battle was not won. The rest of the story is narrated in Mr. Ferebee's *Every Week* article:

Again Mrs. Stratton appeared with her request for the establishment of Highlands School. There was still a shadow of skepticism among the board members, but they were considerate, and told Mrs. Stratton of the legal limitations imposed upon them by statute.

"You have only two children of school age," the trustees said, "and the least number for whom we can employ a teacher is three.

"However, we will send your boys to school at Twin Bridges."

This meant the boys would have to leave home, for nothing less than an airplane could make the trip to the Highlands twice daily, and the airplane would have to be equipped with skis.

"If I had three children I could have a school," Mrs. Stratton mused.

"Sure," the trustees said with a smile. "Sure, you could have a school if you had three children, but—" they gesticulated to imply that that was that.

Mrs. Stratton talked the situation over that night with Dad Stratton, and bright and early next morning started for the little town of Grace.

There was an orphan there, Lawrence McLean. Mrs. Stratton offered him a home and schooling, an opportunity to grow up to be something better than a day laborer.

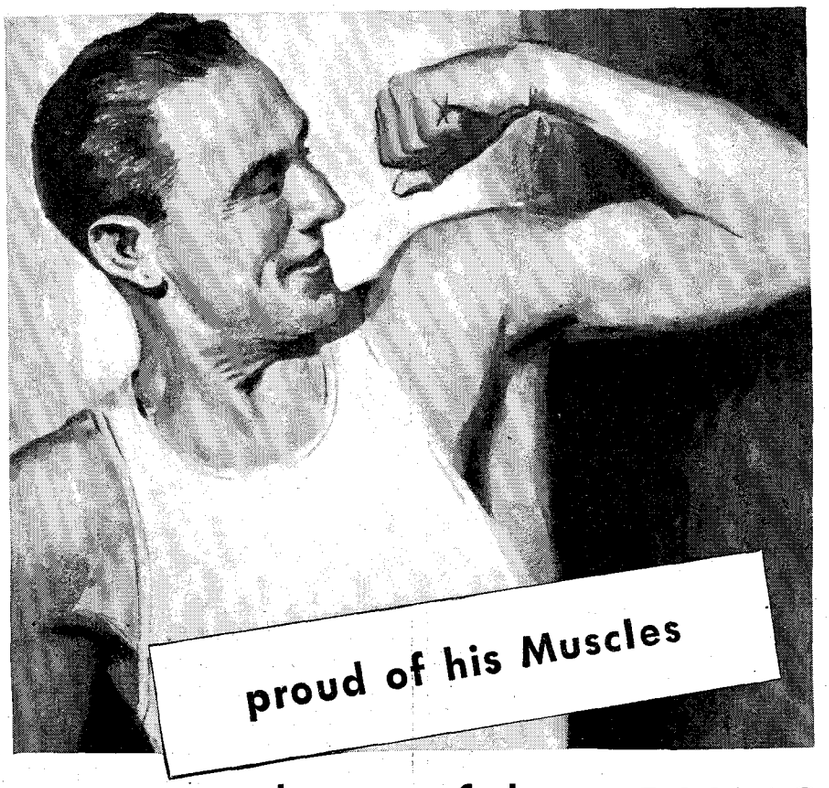
McLean was older than her own boys, but his schooling had been neglected. He wanted the opportunity, he accepted it.

Confident and smiling she presented herself before the trustees, demanded her school, and got it.

An old log cabin was dusted out and converted into a schoolroom by the addition of desks—just three of them—a stove and a blackboard, Miss Stoecker was hired to be the schoolma'am, and the smallest school in Montana, and probably in all the United States, came into existence.

Another election came, and again Mrs. Stratton was working in the campaign—and to-day she is one of the three trustees for School District Number 11.

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!



. . . careless of his GUMS

and he has "pink tooth brush"!

YOU didn't get those hard muscles by sitting in a chair! It takes stiff *exercise* to make hard muscles. And it takes exercise to make hard *gums!*

If you ate coarse foods your gums would get the stimulation they need. But the foods of civilization are creamy and tender (look over your next meal!) And day by day your gums have become more flabby, more touchy.

If you haven't got "pink tooth brush", ten to one you *will* have it—and before very long.

"Pink tooth brush" can dull your teeth. It can lead to gingivitis and pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. It may even endanger the *soundness* of your teeth. It looks innocent—BUT!

So before "pink tooth brush" causes you trouble, get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. But each time, squeeze a little extra Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. You'll like its taste—and the ziratol, the toning agent in Ipana, works more effectively if *left* on.

In two or three days your teeth will look whiter, brighter. Before a month is up, your gums will be firmer. Use Ipana with massage regularly—and your gums will be as hard as a prize-fighter's muscles, and you *won't* have "pink tooth brush"!

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

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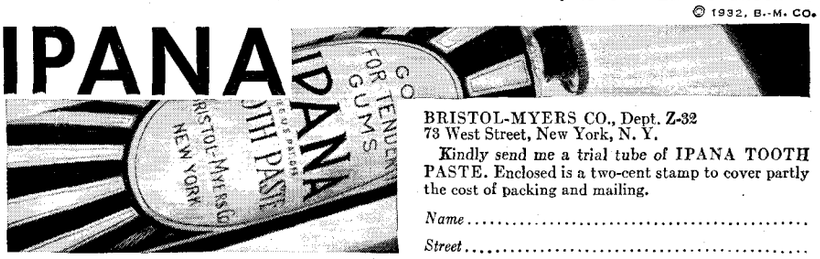

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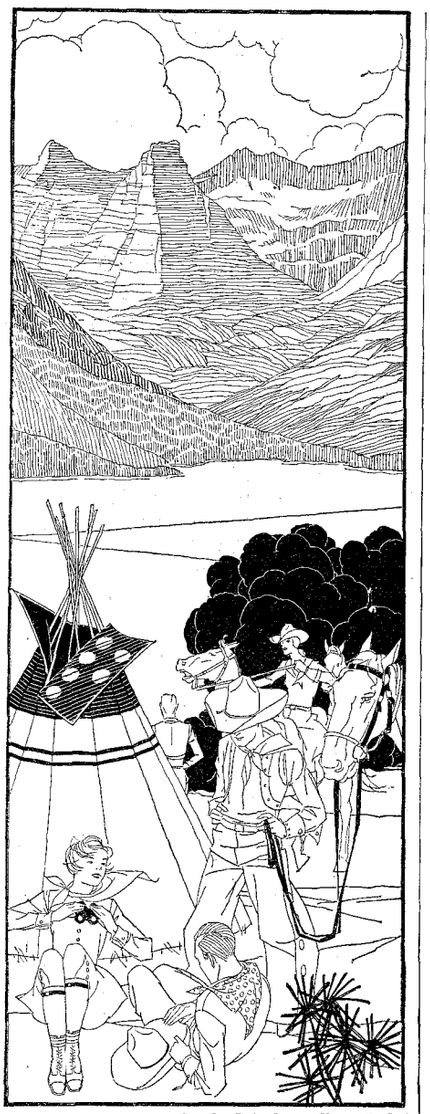

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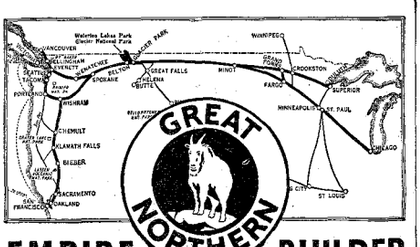


EMPIRE BUILDER
to Glacier Park, the Northwest and California

King Bruin: Shall We Let Him Keep His Throne?

"STOP that, boy! Stop it! *Stop it quick!*"

The words shot out like bullets, and they were as effective.

Across ninety feet of mud and mussels, across the tidal marge of Admiralty Island of southeast Alaska, a huge grizzly stood glaring at three motionless humans.

Snarling at these camera-laden invaders, King Bruin had come steadily toward them—fifty yards, forty, thirty. Then, with gun to his shoulder, Allen Hasselborg, the guide, had shot out his peremptory command which brought that 1,000-pound grizzly up short, slithering and sliding, in the gathering dusk on that lonely Alaska beach.

The incident is recounted by Arthur Newton Pack, president of the American Nature Association, in *Nature Magazine*, in an article which deals with the big brownies and grizzlies of Admiralty.

When you hunt grizzlies with a motion-picture camera, and your main ammunition is thousands upon thousands of feet of film, such thrills abound.

So, full credit must be given to Al Hasselborg, who knows better than any man alive how to meet brownies and grizzlies face to face.

Mrs. Pack, Bill Finley, and Hasselborg were returning from a day's hunt, last summer, we learn as we read on of the meeting with the bear:

About one hundred yards beyond the stranded canoe, and a quarter of a mile away from them, a medium-sized grizzly had emerged and was walking boldly out onto the beach.

They decided to stalk him, as the wind, for once, was right. A bear has poor eyesight, and might even mistake the three people for another bear.

Under directions from Hasselborg, Mrs. Pack and Finley crouched low, hunched their heads over, and moved in single file behind the guide, so that the bear could never see more than one form approaching.

At last bruin lifted his head and looked.

He sat down and scratched himself to appear unconcerned, but it was plain he was puzzled.

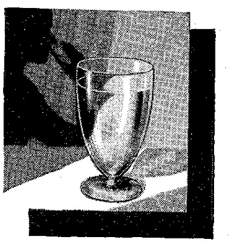
What was the steadily advancing bulk? Fear seized him when about eighty yards intervened, and he started on a dead run.

Suddenly, without warning, the bear changed his mind. He would not be outbluffed by this queer-acting thing. He'd show it, he would.

He charged. Hasselborg aimed his gun, and Mrs. Pack her camera. Finley's was already going. With terrific speed the bear came, snarling as he rushed. Then it was that the guide's cool voice turned the charge of victory into ignominious defeat.

KING BRUIN turned tail, ran a few yards, then gazed sulkily back at the trio, walked slowly toward the shore, periodically puncturing his retreat by glowering glares.

Hidden behind a fallen log, on another occasion, the Packs were able to get first-hand information on how bears fish for



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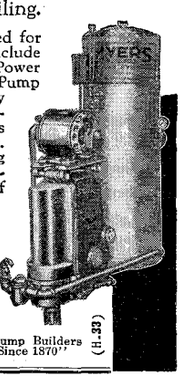

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salmon. A big brown grizzly appeared at the edge of the rushing crystal current. Says Mr. Pack:

Hasselborg spoke in a low tone.

"Watch him! There are a lot of fish in that pool, and he is going to catch one!"

The sound of the human voice disturbed the bear not a bit. The great creature took a nonchalant step or two up-stream, abruptly wheeled in his tracks, and dashed down the riffle where the giant dog-salmon were spawning.

The bear caught one salmon under his paw, while the other fish splashed away in terror. A moment later he put down his head and lifted it with the struggling creature in his mouth, then strolled casually into the brush to finish his meal.

Perhaps three or four minutes passed. Once more he came out of the thicket and sauntered up-stream on the opposite side from the blind.

He was more like a Montana grizzly, with a long, ugly nose and a disagreeable expression, and lacking only the marked hump on his shoulders. He was so full of fish that his belly almost dragged. It was apparent that he resented the camera, but was just too full to do anything about it.

THE habits of these Alaskan bears become of more than passing interest now that the grizzlies and brownies are about to have a day in Congress.

Altho travelers come back from Alaska with rather enthusiastic accounts of the animals and their habits, we discover, after a little research, that they are not universally popular.

Stock-raisers, for example, accuse them of raiding sheep and cattle pastures, according to the New York *Sun*.

Prospectors and trappers join this accusing chorus with the allegation that they rob food caches.

Because of the bad reputation the bears acquired in these quarters, legislation protecting them was removed in June, 1930.

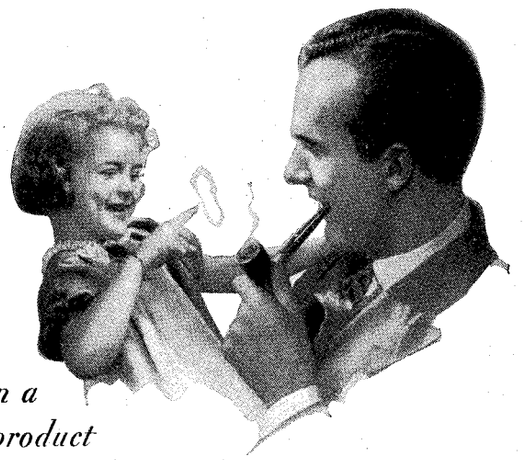
But the bears have stanch friends who rally to their defense. The number includes John M. Holzworth, president of the National Association of Wild Life Conservationists, who denies that the bears are ferocious and dangerous.

For twenty-two years Alaska had a game law limiting the sportsman's kill to two or three bears each year, the Detroit *Free Press* tells us, summing up:

But in 1930 this protection was virtually withdrawn by permitting residents to kill any number of bears at any time of year, save in one or two small areas.

There is something to be said in favor of such a sanctuary. In the century and a half of this nation's existence we have done a pretty thorough job of transforming a vast country teeming with wild game into a land where only the motorist and the racketeer run wild.

But it also seems as if the residents of Alaska had some feeling about the grizzly market being bearish in their neighborhood. One official is all for poisoning the half of the Territory's bear population already centered on Admiralty Island. Perhaps the Alaskans have had reason to suspect that the dignity, intelligence, and harmlessness of the bears are offset by other, and more objectionable, qualities.



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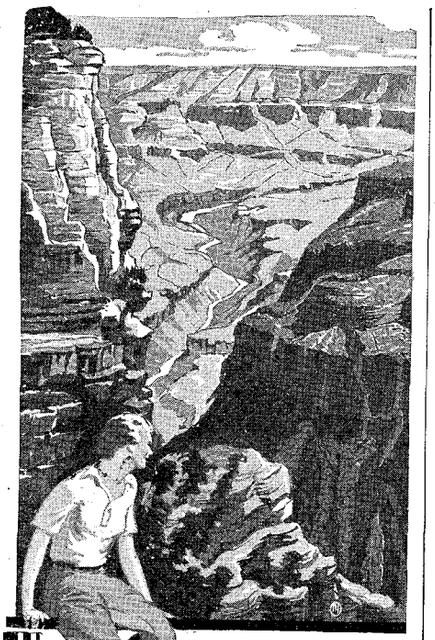

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Hope for the Chestnut

ALMOST thirty years ago, a blight from Japan first attacked the chestnut-trees of this country, and began its slow creeping across the forest of the Eastern States, destroying most of the trees of this region.

Now, according to an article from the New York *Sun* quoted in *The National Nut News* (Chicago), this chestnut tragedy may have a happy ending by the tree's development of a "blight resistant." According to certain observers, the blight seems to be losing its virulence. New evidence indicates that after a quarter of a century of struggle, a new generation of trees is springing up with the mysterious power of resisting the fatal mold blight. To follow the account:

The fight is not yet over. Much remains to be done, and one of the observers, J. Russell Smith, professor of economic geography of Columbia University, believes that all true lovers of the American chestnut may at this moment enter into the conflict and save the day.

According to Professor Smith, the blight has now reached the chestnut groves of Tennessee, completing its conquest of the woodlands from the New England States down to the Southern woods. The blight is closely related to a mold—a "slime mold" is the botanical term. It creates small fruits that in turn grow tiny spores that drift in the bark of the maturing tree. The mold then forms in the inner bark and begins to girdle the tree. As soon as the circle is completed, the tree begins to die.

In regions where there were once thousands of chestnut-trees to the square mile, there have been in late years only a few. And these, too, have fallen before the blight.

THE Department of Agriculture "has carried on a losing battle" against this disease, we read as the account runs on:

It has imported chestnuts from Japan and China, because those trees, having survived the same blight, had developed immunity. There has been some success in grafting the Oriental species on the American growth, but the nut that results is not as delicious as the ancient favorite.

This year, however, reports have come to the department, and to Professor Smith, that there are many trees ready to bear nuts, and this number of reports have led to the conclusion that the blight may have lost its strength. And there is a theory that the chestnut-trees have, at last, produced a seed that is more "blight-resistant."

There is a possibility that the theories are too optimistic, Professor Smith says. He has watched innumerable sprouts spring up with their old vigor, grow for three or four years until the bark became rough and cracked, and then vanish in a season when the spores, flying through the air, came to rest in the cracks, and began the deadly boring.

"Occasionally," says Professor Smith, "one of these sprouts has grown large enough to produce a few nuts. The chestnut-tree is very prolific, and there were always new sprouts springing up at the base of the tree when the blight killed it. This season there are apparently more trees winning the fight against the blight, and their success has led to the belief that a seed has at last been produced which can successfully resist the blight."

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Elevators for Fish

THEY are not suggested as whimsies appropriate to the centenary of Lewis Carroll, but as something needed in this country if fish and fishing are to continue.

So Duane H. Kipp explains in *Field and Stream*. Rapid multiplication of dams in most inland streams, he writes, has made it practically impossible for most species to journey up-stream in spring or fall, to deposit and fertilize their eggs.

The wall-eyed pike, the pike-perch, the pickerel, the great northern pike, many members of the bass family, the muskalonge, and the sturgeon are among the species affected by this blocking of inland streams.

Much attention has already been devoted to the creation of "fishways."

CURIOUSLY enough the greatest problem has been to coax the fish into them. Directing traffic among the finny tribe presented almost insurmountable difficulties, Mr. Kipp writes, until Harry Barr of Ironwood, Michigan, devised an experimental elevator that has been tried out with an encouraging degree of success in the Rest Lake dam near the headwaters of the Manitowish River, in western Vilas County, Wisconsin. Its operation is explained in detail by Mr. Kipp:

The outlet for the water from the fish-lock to the river below also serves as the inlet for fish. It is located at the lowest point in the fish-lock, close to the bottom of the river. As the large concrete box empties through this opening, the rush of water attracts the fish to the opening where they enter into the fish-lock itself. After the box is emptied, the opening automatically closes and the box begins to fill.

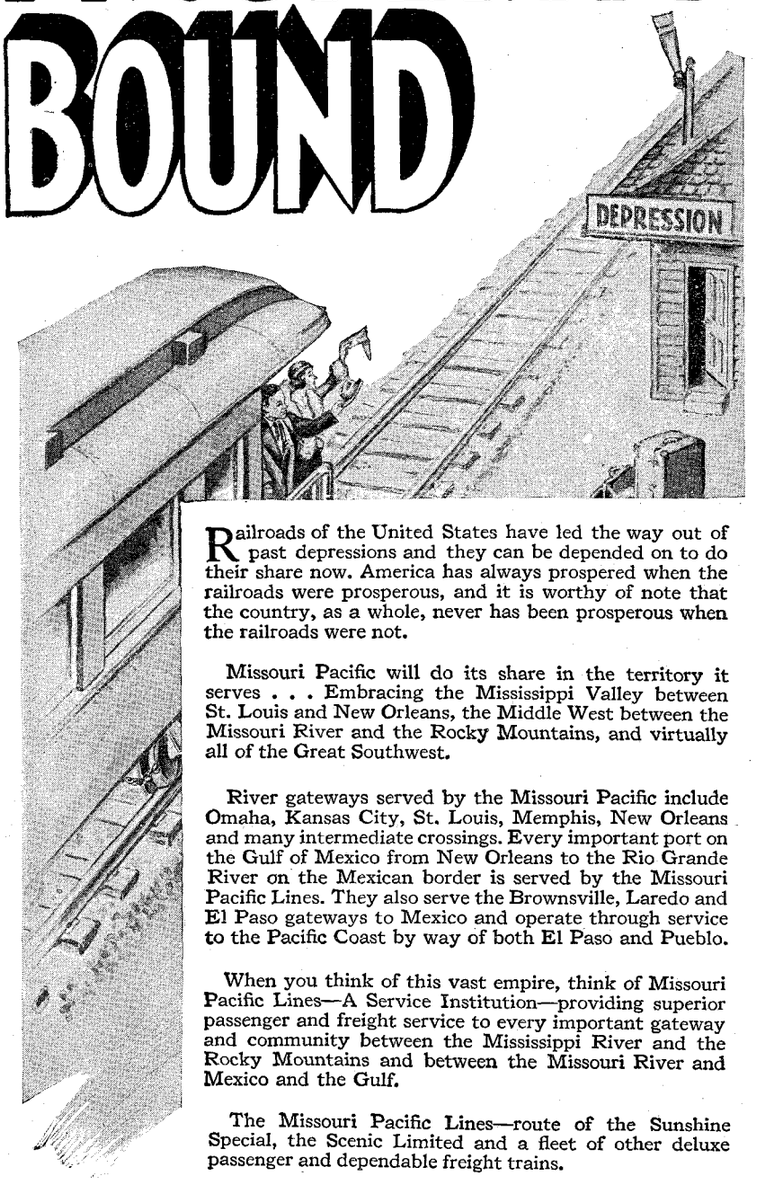
The box is filled by means of a tube extending from the lake above to the bottom of the concrete box. The water enters the box at considerable pressure, causing a rapid swirling of the water in the box. The current within the box as the fish-lock fills is in a counter-clockwise direction.

Also, "as the water-level in the box rises, the fish rise with it," we learn as we read further:

Immediately below the egress tube into the lake above, which is at the high-water level of the box, is a chute extending down one side into the depths of the box. This chute extends two-thirds of the way to the bottom of the box. It is shallow at the lower end and gradually deepens into the wall as it rises until it leads directly into the egress tube.

As the fish swim about in the counter-clockwise direction, following the current of the water in the box as it fills, they are led naturally into this chute. By the time the box is filled the fish have nosed into the chute two or three times during their circular trips about the box. When the box is finally filled, the valve on the egress tube opens automatically. The valve is located at the back part of the chute, into which the fish have been attracted before. The valve does not open until the water-level in the box is the same as the water-level of the lake above, so that when it does open, the fish may swim directly from the chute into the egress tube and on into the lake.

PROSPERITY BOUND



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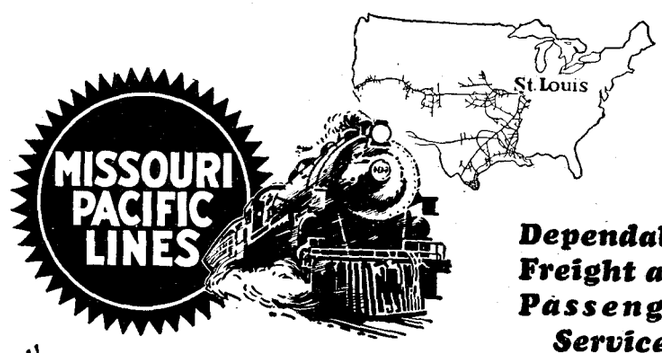

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Snap-Shots of the Snap-Shot King

AN angry bull rhino charged out of the bushes straight for the human intruders into his realm.

But the elderly, spectacled gentleman in khaki and pith helmet wasn't flustered.

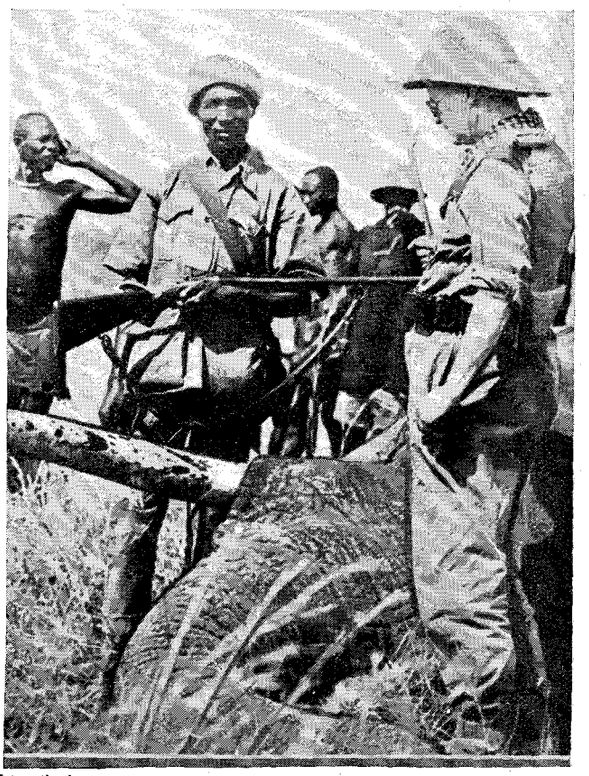
"Hold your fire," he told his companion in the African hunt, and he ground steadily away with his movie camera, registering yard after yard of film as the pugnacious, dangerous beast came nearer.

The animal's horn was twelve feet away, says the New York *Herald Tribune*, when George Eastman, "never moving, gave the word to fire, and the hunter dropt the rhinoceros with one shot. The body almost struck Mr. Eastman as it fell."

Mr. Eastman, the capitalist and philanthropist, the man who made picture-taking possible to the millions, and whose film made motion-pictures a reality, whose recent suicide shocked the entire world, thus demonstrated during an African hunt that he could use his celebrated product under the most trying conditions.

This was not the only brush he had with danger when he went to the dark continent with Carl Akeley in 1926. Reading on in *The Herald Tribune:*

Mr. Eastman had gone to look for elephant. He found a herd, and was busy snapping pictures when the natives screamed a warning. Ten yards away a rhinoceros charged out of the brush. Mr. Eastman had time to take only one backward step, and the brute missed him by inches. Then he leveled his rifle and killed the beast before it could return to the charge. Later, Mr. Eastman remarked that the rhinoceros was "a very unreliable beast."



International

Mr. Eastman Hunted With Both Gun and Camera

Here we see him with a tusker, trophy of his prowess in an African expedition several years ago.

RETICENT, retiring, slow to confide in others, Mr. Eastman was intensely loyal to those who won his friendship, says an editorial tribute in *The Democrat and Chronicle* of his home town, Rochester. This city had benefited greatly from his generosity, and sincerely mourned him. Continuing this account of his character:

Modesty was one of his most conspicuous traits, and led him to shun ostentation or display. He drew a sharp line between his own personal life and the affairs of business, or matters in which the public might have a legitimate interest.

He shrank from public appearances, particularly speech-making, and only waived his personal preference when a cause deeply appealed to him, or he was satisfied that a word from him would be of real service. While he became somewhat less reserved in his later years, he never invited familiarity.

It is probably true that he never was quite at his ease except among close friends. He could, in congenial company, unbosom himself freely and converse with rare intelligence.

No one could come in contact with him without realizing that he possest a remarkable mind, shrewd, keen, penetrating, capable of making quick decisions and standing by them resolutely.

Courage, persistency, and self-reliance were among the most prominent traits in his character.

Nothing could move him from a decision that his judgment approved, altho in matters in which he felt that his knowledge or information was limited, he welcomed suggestions, and could be surprizingly open-minded.

MR. EASTMAN'S death by his own hand leaving behind this note, "To my friends: My work is done. Why wait? G. E.," removed from this life one who started his business career on $3 a week, and from that beginning built up a $200,000,000 business, and gave away for educational, artistic, scientific, and humanitarian projects some $75,000,000 or more. His many benefactions are discust and listed thus in an Associated Press dispatch from Rochester:

If a man has wealth, Mr. Eastman once said, he has to make a choice, because there is the money heaping up.

"He can keep it in a bunch and leave it to others to administer after he is dead,

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or he can get it into action and have fun while he is still alive. I prefer getting it into action. That is why I give."

Here's how he gave:

University of Rochester, $35,500,000.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology, $19,500,000.
Tuskegee Institute, $2,362,000.
Hampton Institute, $2,000,000.
Kodak stock distributed to employees, $6,000,000.
Chamber of Commerce Building, $1,350,000.
War Chest, 1918, $500,000.
Expense of War Chest, $100,000.
General Hospital, $500,000.
Mechanics Institute, $625,000.
Y. M. C. A., $300,000.
Red Cross, 1917, $250,000.
War Relief, $225,000.
State and Municipal Research Bureau, $300,000.
Highland Hospital, $100,000.
Genesee Hospital, $75,000.
Rochester parks, $100,000.
Stevens Institute of Technology, $50,000.
Friendly Home, $50,000.
S. P. C. C. Shelter, $45,000.
Y. W. C. A., and Infants Hospital, $25,000.
Musical instruments for Public Schools, $15,000.
Dental clinic, Royal Free Hospital, London, $1,300,000.
Eastman visiting professorship, Oxford, $200,000.
Waterville Memorial, $50,000.
Rome, dental dispensary, $1,000,000.
Stockholm, dental dispensary, $1,000,000.
Paris, dental dispensary, $1,000,000.
Brussels, dental dispensary, $1,000,000.

MR. EASTMAN'S vast business interests grew out of a hobby of his young manhood. He did not invent the camera, but simplified it and brought it technically within the reach of more users. And it all came about because the business of picture-making in his young manhood was too complicated to be carried on during a vacation. A biographical sketch in the New York *American* tells the story of this incident:

He was working in a Rochester savings-bank when he was twenty-four years old. Vacation time came around, and he determined to take his first real one, a trip to San Domingo.

Some one suggested that he take a camera with him, as the island was reported to be replete with scenic beauties. Furthermore, the Grant Administration was considering establishment of a naval base there, so San Domingo was much talked of then.

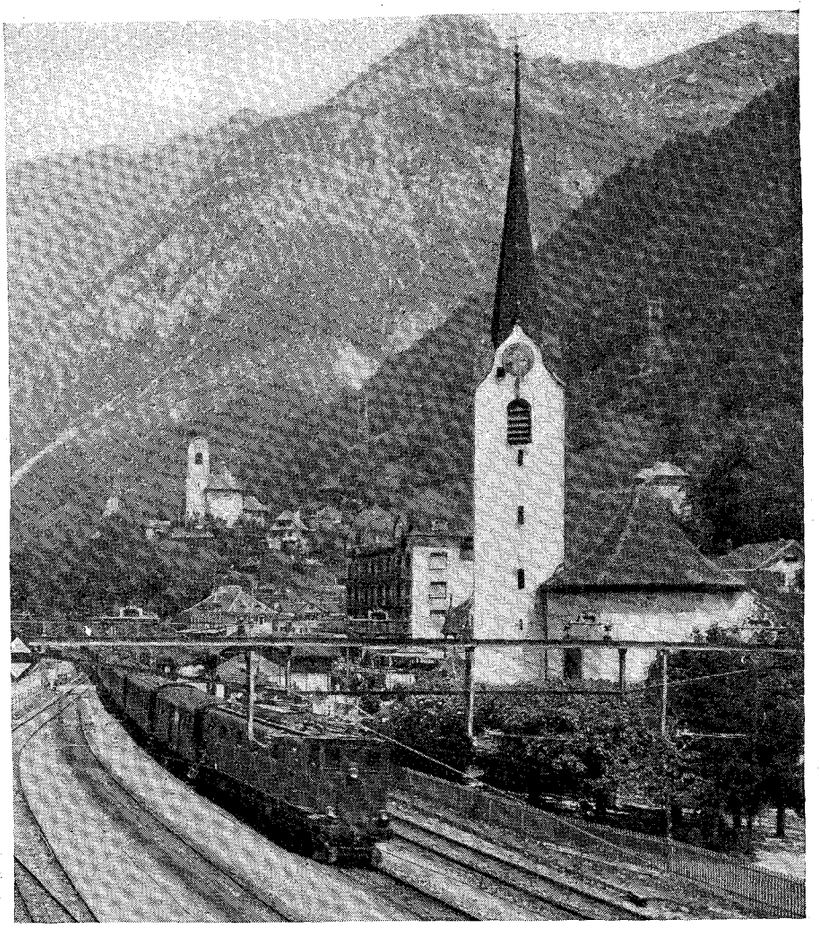
Eastman knew nothing about cameras, but he accepted the suggestion, bought a camera, and paid an amateur photographer five dollars to show him how it worked.

But it was all too complicated to suit Eastman. Wet plates, dark-room preparations, and the uncertainty of the mechanism made photography a fussy, messy operation. Eastman resolved that he would do something about it.

AND that, the writer tells us, continuing, "was the beginning of photography as it is known to-day, of the Kodak, of the ramifications of a gigantic industry." Further:

Incidentally, he never did take that vacation trip to San Domingo. Instead, he went to Mackinac in Michigan with his camera and a black tent dark-room, and took good and bad pictures.

What was uppermost in his mind was



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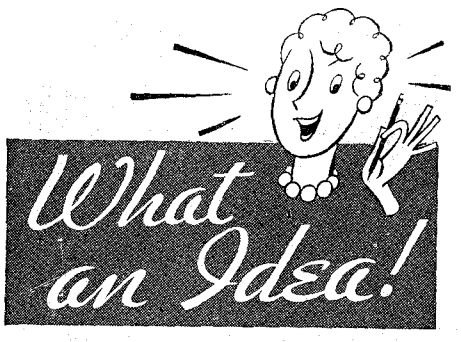


Send contributions! Things-to-do with pencils, jokes, etc. We'll give a shiny new $5 gold piece for every one we print in this column. American Pencil Company, Dept. A, 212 Fifth Ave., New York City.

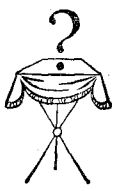
"Thank you, Johnny, for this nice Pencil," said the teacher. "Why, it's a Venus H-B! But why did you think I needed a new one?"

"I thought it might write higher marks," explained the astute Johnny.

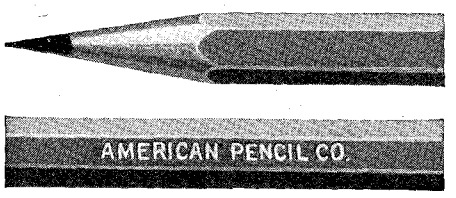
THESE NOTES OUTLAST THE NOTER . . . !

College men—a smart lot, you know—have made a big discovery. Notes jotted down with Venus Copying (Indelible) Pencils DON'T SMUDGE, don't fade, DO stay put.

PENCIL . . . PENCIL . . . WHO HAS THE PENCIL?



Some people think *they* have it—simply because it makes marks on paper. But they haven't. Some think *they* have it—because they picked it up cheap. But they haven't. The way to be sure you have a pencil..a *real* pencil..is to make sure either of the two words "Venus" or "Velvet" is stamped on it. Then, by golly, you can tell the world *you have a pencil!*



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Some people think a guarantee isn't of any importance on such a small thing in life as a 5-cent pencil. On the other hand, wouldn't *you* just like to know, every time you order one, a dozen, or a gross of 5-cent pencils, that you're getting the biggest nickel's worth in the field? Sure! Well, here's how: We put a distinctive *natural cedar* finish (not yellow) and a little blue band on every Velvet Pencil—to distinguish it from every other five-cent contender in the field. That *natural cedar* finish is the thing to look for—that's your guarantee of a full nickel's worth. Simple, isn't it? Your choice of five smooth, strong lead-degrees, from very soft to very hard.

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VELVET Pencils 5¢

that amateur photography was too much bother. He would see what he could do about it. So he set up a workshop in the garret of his mother's home, gathered all the books on photography available to him, and turned to his hobby.

One of the first improvements he made was a ruby lamp, in the light of which plates could be handled without exposure. Then he turned his hand to dry plates.

They were being manufactured in England, but the formulæ were secret. This took him deeply into chemistry, but eventually he won out and produced the plate.

As the camera itself was cumbersome, he turned his talents toward simplifying it, and contrived a small black box which took pictures on a film permitting 100 exposures.

This he named "Kodak," and gave to his industry a slogan which went around the world:

"You push the button, we do the rest."

The reason for this was that the shutter, set by pulling a string, was released by pressure on a button.

When the 100 exposures had been made, the camera was then shipped back to the factory in Rochester, the film developed, new film inserted, and the little black box returned to the owner, ready for more pictures.

From such humble beginnings came the transparent film that made Edison's kinetoscope possible, and brought the movies. Of the Eastman-Edison association we are told:

Edison and Eastman became associated at long range in September, 1889. The electrician had heard of the other's transparent film, and sent for a sample of it for use with the kinetoscope. He paid Eastman $2.50 for it.

And the motion-picture industry was born. Incidentally, it meant millions for Eastman, because the making of motion-picture film is now about half the photographic business. But Edison and Eastman did not meet until eight or nine years ago, during a luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton.

In spite of his success and his wealth, Mr. Eastman was a lonely man. A striking word-picture of him from this standpoint was painted by Fausta V. Mengarini, an Italian sculptress, who executed a bust of him in 1930. Said Madame Mengarini, in an interview in the New York *Sun:*

"I went to his home at Rochester in October, 1930, and I was there two weeks—a guest in the house, with the privilege of dictating the hours we should work.

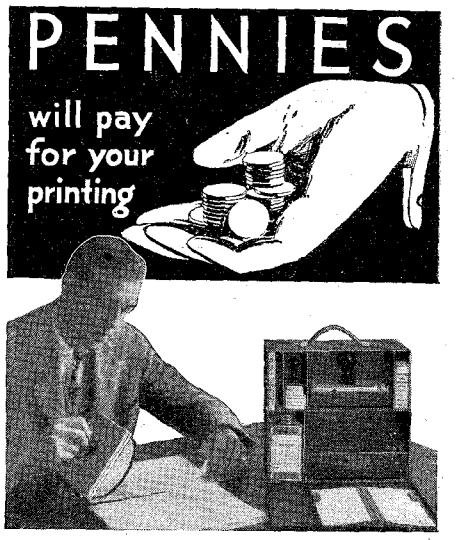
"In the first two hours I could see that Mr. Eastman was a troubled man. He answered me cryptically, seemed preoccupied and unhappy.

"I talked to him as I worked, tried to make him laugh. It was difficult, but soon he was warming up. He took more of an interest in the work. He talked a great deal to me. He told me of his struggle.

"He said to me one day that he had never seen any one work as hard as I was working. 'And I have worked hard,' he added. 'I have worked very hard.'

"Mr. Eastman loved beauty. His house was constantly filled with flowers. His huge pipe organ was played for him each morning for two hours.

"He would sit in the conservatory, surrounded by banks of flowers, eating his breakfast and listening to the organ."



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New Discoveries About Taste

ONLY four kinds of taste exist. These basic tastes, or flavors, are sweet, sour, salt, and bitter; and of them all flavors are compounded.

The greater the number of these fundamental tastes that enter into a compound flavor, the better we like it. Pure sweetness, saltness, or sourness does not appeal to the human palate.

So asserts a writer in *The Industrial Bulletin* of Arthur D. Little, Inc. (Cambridge, Mass.). He goes on to say:

The art of the greatest chefs culminates in careful attention to seasoning.

One Frenchman described proper seasoning as the use of quantities of condiments, all in good balance. Most foods do not realize their highest possibilities of flavor unless they stimulate simultaneously all our taste-factors—sweetness, sourness, saltiness, and bitterness.

The weak bitter-sweet taste of meat is greatly improved by the addition of salt, and, to some people, still further improved by the sourness of vinegar.

Candies and cakes are flat and uninteresting unless they contain a little salt; some authorities feel that they are brought to their highest present development by chocolate, which adds bitterness.

The condiments or auxiliary taste materials present on most tables include representatives of three of the fundamental tastes: sweetness, sourness, and saltiness, in the form of sugar, vinegar, and salt. Bitterness has not yet attained representation as a condiment in daily use, tho some of its possibilities are already foreshadowed in certain "sauces." (Pepper, to be sure, has some bitterness, but it is predominantly an aromatic or odor material.)

BITTERNESS "goes unappreciated by many people because it can not be detected quickly and easily by the front of the tongue," we are told as we read on:

In many of the finest tastes bitterness is a conspicuous component; such drinks as tea, coffee, and cocoa, as well as certain largely sold proprietary drinks, depend in no small degree for their appeal on bitter ingredients such as caffein or gentian. Bitterness is an important part of the delicate flavor of meat as well as of the strong flavors of the citrus fruits.

The sense of taste itself has lately come under the scrutiny of several American research groups, and some interesting findings have already been made. At the Catholic University, in Washington, it has been found that smokers as a class are far less responsive to sourness as a taste-factor than are non-smokers. Dr. A. F. Blakeslee, of the Carnegie Institution, has found that there is a very great distinction between different people in their ability to detect bitterness, and that this taste-deficiency "appears to be inherited as a Mendelian recessive." Quoting further:

"In the single case investigated we have found these differences in powers of sensory perceptions innate and hereditary. Evidence is thus given for the belief that people are born with innate differences in respect to all their senses, and that different people live in different worlds, therefore, so far as their sensory reactions are concerned."

Children have keener taste-sense than adults, and all products which cater to them need to have particular attention devoted to taste.

"My husband meant to insure his life. It was uppermost in his mind that when things got a little better he would take out insurance to protect us . . . somehow he just never got around to it. And now we have only a few hundred dollars in the bank. When that's gone I don't know what I shall do."

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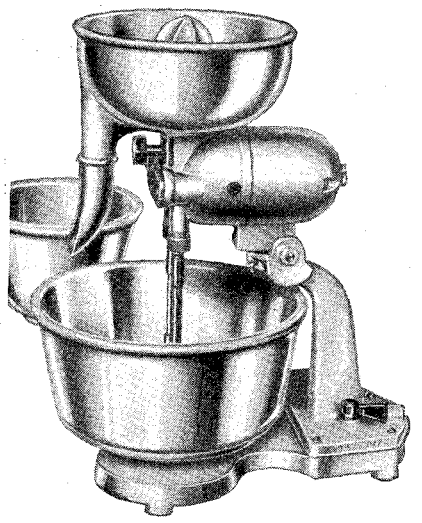

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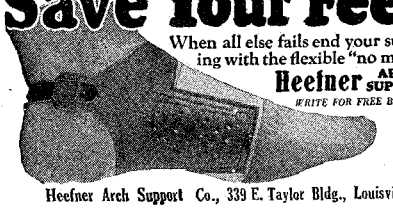

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How's Your Luck?

A TELEPHONE bell jangled in a New York police-station.

"Hello," said a masculine voice, when the sergeant answered the call. "I want to report a robbery."

"Yes," said the sergeant, reaching for pencil and paper, and preparing to write. "Tell me about it."

"My apartment was entered last night," the man explained, "and my pocketbook with some money in it, a gold watch, a diamond stick-pin, and some other valuables were taken."

"Any clues?" asked the sergeant.

"Not one that I could find," replied the man on the telephone.

"Well," the officer assured him, noting name and address, "we'll do what we can."

Less than an hour later, however, the mystery was solved and the stolen property recovered. The victim of the robbery, we read, on his way to his office, was "approached by a furtive-looking man, who said he could make a very low price on a watch and other trinkets. And then, to the astonishment of the victim, the thief drew out of his pocket the man's own watch and other property.

"He was seized, and most of the money that had been stolen was also recovered in the man's pocket—a curious coincidence, certainly."

THIS is just one of a number of samples of "pure luck" collected by *The American Weekly*. Another almost unbelievable coincidence "is the experience of L. R. Johansen of Lincoln, Nebraska, with the wrong telephone number that was right." This was the way of it, we read:

Mr. Johansen had stopt for a moment at a roadside filling-station to get some gasoline for his automobile. Some one called him to the telephone. Astonished that any one would know where he was at that moment accurately enough to catch him during his momentary stop at the filling-station, he answered the call.

To his still greater astonishment, he discovered that the caller thought he was talking to Mr. Johansen at the latter's office, and that it was an important matter of business.

The caller, intending to call Mr. Johansen's office, accidentally had dialed the wrong number.

The number dialed, and obtained, chanced to be that of the filling-station where Mr. Johansen happened to be.

Equally astonishing good luck, at least for one party to the incident, happened to Corporal Leo Goucher of the New Jersey State Police.

Visiting a farmyard as a matter of routine duty, the corporal and several companions were chased by a vicious bull.

Unable to reach the fence in time, the corporal dived, head first, into a pile of straw.

Inside the straw was a concealed trap-door which no one had suspected, leading to an underground room and an illicit liquor still.

The corporal made the conventional arrest. What the still's owner did to the bull which chased the corporal into his bit of detective work is not recorded.

Another example of pure luck was the case of the bouncing boy of Whitehall, Wisconsin.

Riding in the back seat of his parents' automobile, this baby bounced clear out of the car, onto the highway, as the automobile was rounding the curve.

Not missed by the parents, in the front seat, the baby was discovered and retrieved, presently, by another autoist, and proved to be absolutely unhurt.

A HOT-HEADED New Yorker, of violent impulses, unexpectedly discovered that he had had a piece of extraordinary luck, the account continues:

Becoming enraged, for some reason perhaps not unrelated to holiday alcohol, at the gestures of an individual standing beside him at the doorway of a dance-hall, this would-be murderer drew a knife and stabbed his companion to the heart.

The gestures stopt but no blood flowed, and the stabbed individual did not collapse. Investigation showed that the knife-wielder had stabbed a mechanical man, several of which have been used recently for advertising purposes in the metropolis.

The robot's clockwork interior was somewhat disarranged, but the damage was not irreparable, a circumstance which the impulsive stabber no doubt viewed with considerable thankfulness when he woke up in the police-station to find himself charged only with mischief instead of murder.

Not long ago, "the British courts discovered that a certain will of great importance in pending litigation, and purporting to have been written in the year 1542, was undoubtedly a forgery." However:

The perplexing thing was that experts all agreed that the paper it was written on was certainly made about that period. How could anybody get hold of a blank sheet of paper made in 1542?

By pure accident, the custodian of records in a British town happened to mention the frequent visits of a studious gentleman, who had been examining fifteenth- and sixteenth-century wills. Wills were usually written upon paper which was folded double.

So, when a search of hundreds of wills finally revealed one written upon a single sheet of torn paper, the forged will was found to fit the torn sheet exactly. The forger was traced, caught, and convicted.

THE sailor who hires a rowboat for recreation when he is on holiday is a blood brother of the detective who reads mystery stories when the day's work is done. One of these latter, a Dane, found, however, that his hobby had remunerative features. Thus:

Some years previous to the time of one particular reading, a certain Danish workman had disappeared, and left no trace.

Shortly afterward, a series of well-written stories of criminal adventure was issued by one of the better-known Danish publishing houses. It became known that the author was none other than the missing workman.

Still there was no suspicion, until the studious detective saw in one of these stories a set of facts which, well wrapt up

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in a nice literary setting, coincided with those of a crime which had never been solved.

The detective was interested, and began collecting and reading the writings of this workman-writer.

He found that many of the incidents in these stories tallied quite nicely with other unsolved crimes. Thereupon he arrested the author, who later confessed to these and other criminal offenses.

THERE are many tales of stamps and stamp-collecting, yet few of them have brought such luck to the police as the following:

A juvenile French collector found an uncanceled stamp on a bridge, and pasted it in his album. This seemingly insignificant incident was the opening gun in a police campaign against an unknown thief who had stolen $30,000 worth of unused stamps.

When the boy's father questioned him concerning the uncanceled stamp which he had acquired, he was told that it had been found on the Alfortville bridge. Passing over the same bridge in his car, the following day, the father was astonished to discover a similar stamp sticking to his tire.

The matter was brought to the attention of the police, who traced an employee of the Stamp Bureau who lived in Alfortville.

This man finally confessed that he had taken the stamps, and, having found that he could not dispose of them, had dropt them over the bridge. Several, however, had been caught by the wind and deposited on the roadway of the bridge.

Indeed, the element of luck appears to play a very important part in the detection of crime. The records of detective bureaus the world over contain almost endless cases where the clue to the mysterious, unsuspected author of a crime was stumbled upon by pure accident.

It is, however, true that the lucky clue might not have led to any result if patient, intelligent efforts had not been used to follow out the lucky tip.

DETECTIVES often miss their quarry, even when they follow up perfectly good leads with the utmost thoroughness, *The American Weekly* tells us. But here is an instance where the pursuing of a false lead resulted in the catching of two criminals instead of one:

Detectives had reason to suspect that an absconding bank cashier would attempt to leave England on a certain boat.

They went down and, as the passengers were ascending the gangplank, seized a man whom they suspected to be the wanted one.

When one of them phoned his superior in London, however, he was informed that the real offender had been captured in that city.

The detective was astounded, but gave a description of the man he had seized at the boat. Whereupon it turned out that the man who had been captured entirely by mistake was a tax-collector who was wanted by the Glasgow police.

Welcome Magic. — CHRISTMAS PARTY CONJURER—"Now, my lad, you hear your watch ticking inside the handkerchief. Are you satisfied?"

YOUNGSTER—"More than satisfied. It hasn't been going for a month."—*Humorist (London)*.

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The Passing of Ivar Kreuger

SELF-SLAUGHTER ENDS THE CAREERS of two of the world's great master-builders of business—over the same week-end.

But whereas Eastman, the Kodak King, at seventy-seven, had long since retired from active work, Kreuger, the Match King, at fifty-two, was the directing head of his vast, complex, globe-encircling enterprise.

And the drama of his so sudden taking off does not escape the editorial writer. When the Swedish millionaire pulled the trigger of that pistol in his Champs Elysée apartment, "he wrote the verdict on his own ambition," in the words of the Providence *News Tribune*. The Scandinavian's passion for achievement the New York *Herald Tribune* describes as "the Viking complex." And the burden of responsibilities greater than any human being can possibly carry single-handed broke his mind and spirit, says this editor, who concludes:

In the generation of Rurik, or of Haardraade, or of William of Normandy, Ivar Kreuger would have given his loot to his harpers, cooks, and varlets. It was the responsibility that came with winnings of which he could not make such easy disposition that broke and killed this modern Viking on the seas of high finance—to which there is no moral, unless it is that the complexity of modern life does impose an insuperable handicap upon the heroic spirit.

Wide World

"I Am Tired of Life"

So Ivar Kreuger, Match King, decided "to end it all," he wrote before his suicide.

"PERHAPS the grand machine he built up got away from him at last," observes the Baltimore *Sun*. And, anyway, Kreuger's final gesture "was the last of his mergers—taking on the infinite."

Like that other Scandinavian, Ibsen's *Master Builder*, Kreuger, says the Boston *News Bureau*, "scaled heights that made him dizzy, in an attempt to reach the topmost pinnacle of success; and he crashed suddenly, at the peak of his power, from heights too great for him, to a sudden death."

Ivar Krueger, as head of the Swedish holding company of Kreuger and Toll, was the guiding genius of what the New York *Times* speaks of as "perhaps the most powerful interlocking trust in the world." He was "the founder and directing force of the international match trust and 225 subsidiary corporations, including a chain of banks, vast forests, innumerable pulp and saw mills, iron-mines, railroads, factories, steamships, office buildings, and apartment houses." He was an influence in the economic life of thirty or forty nations.

The story of his life has been retold since his death in all its fascinating detail. Space suffices for this brief narrative by Leslie Gould of the International News Service, which gives only a hint of his varied activities:

A native of Sweden, Kreuger's early years were spent as a tramp building-engineer. He wandered through Africa, South America, India, and Canada, and finally landed in the United States.

Here he achieved his first success. He was an engineer on the old Flatiron Building on Broadway. The hotels Plaza and St. Regis and the Metropolitan Life buildings were others he helped to erect. He also worked on the Syracuse University stadium.

From the United States, Kreuger returned to his native Sweden. There in Stockholm he met Paul Toll, who also was a builder. They teamed up in 1907 as builders and contractors, under the firm name of Kreuger and Toll.

For six years the two worked hard and expanded their contracting business, adapting American sky-scraper methods to Sweden.

Then in 1913 Kreuger entered the match business. In Sweden, at that time, there was the big Jonkoping-Vulcan Match Company, and hundreds of small independents. Kreuger brought these independents together as the United Swedish Match Factories, Inc., and in 1917 the Jonkoping-Vulcan Company joined the combination, creating a monopoly—his first.

Swedish matches were then sold all over the world, but Kreuger was the man who conceived the idea of obtaining match monopolies in the various countries of the world in return for loans to the governments. The governments got cash, Kreuger sold matches at a profit without competition, and the governments repaid the loans from taxes collected on these matches.

Two of his biggest deals were obtaining from Poincaré a semi-monopoly in France in return for a 75-million-dollar loan in 1927 [since repaid], to help stabilize the franc and the German monopoly [in return for a $125,000,000 loan].

THE gigantic international trust known as Kreuger and Toll divided its business in a rough way, with some overlapping, into three branches, so we read on the financial page of the New York *World-Telegram*. Among its activities are:

Granting of State and similar credits in connection with industrial concessions; investments in industrial and real-estate enterprises and in large banks; and active trading operations, such as participation in financial syndicates, making of short-term investments, amalgamations of industrial enterprises and activities of a similar character.

Match interests are controlled and operated through the Swedish Match Company. This concern, besides its individual operators, controls the International Match Corporation, which, since its formation in 1923, has expanded rapidly, largely through the acquisition of long-term match monopolies from various governments, including Poland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania, Greece, Ecuador, Peru, Danzig, and Turkey. Controlled companies of International Match own 120 manufacturing plants in European and other countries.

Among other Kreuger and Toll interests attention is called to:

Grangesberg Company which, with affiliates, is the largest producer of iron ore in Europe; Swedish Pulp Company, formed in 1929 as a consolidation of ten old-established Swedish enterprises in the pulp and lumber industry; Skandinaviska Fredittaktiebolaget, one of the largest banks in Sweden; N. V. Financieele Maatschappij Kreuger and Toll, organized in Holland to conduct a general banking and financial business; Fastighetsaktiebolaget Hufvudstaden, owning eighty-seven buildings in Sweden; interest in International Telephone and Telegraph, amounting to 400,000 shares.

WHEN the future of his far-flung enterprises still seemed bright, the New York *Journal of Commerce* recalls, Kreuger criticized the bankers of the world "for neglecting or refusing to assume responsibilities that the companies under his control had underwritten with marked success." But later—

His references to banking inertia acquired a special significance as it became increasingly evident that even the strongest private organization could not hope to escape the effects of the world-wide credit crisis which had hit with great force many countries in which representatives of the Kreuger and Toll group had been active.

To an organization with world-wide ramifications the result of suspension of transfers by a considerable number of countries in its debt would mean little in normal times. It could afford to wait for returns so long as loans were well secured.

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The magnitude, geographical diversity, and variety of the match trust holdings could ordinarily have been relied upon to afford protection to the investor much superior to that which the indirectly indebted governments could separately offer.

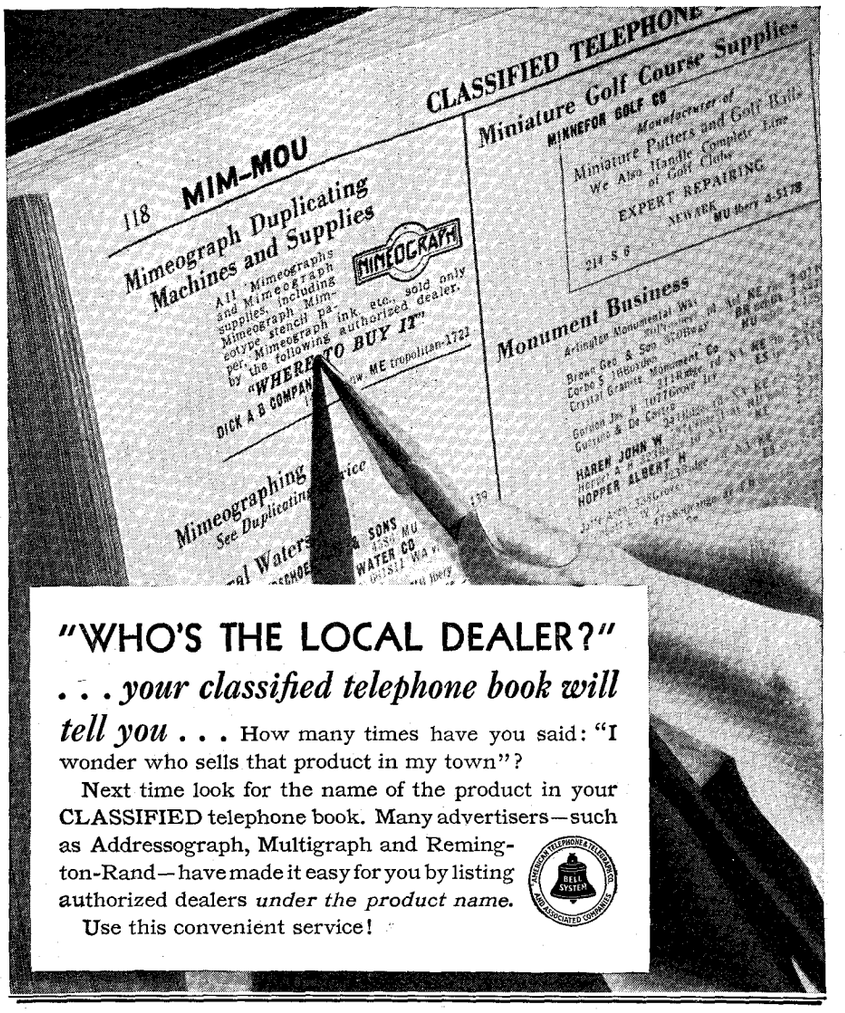
Unfortunately, the universality of the present credit paralysis, with the accompanying demoralization of the exchange and currency systems of most of the countries of the world, has upset all calculations. The financial embarrassment of the Swedish match trust has been an inevitable result since exchange moratoria, transfer difficulties, etc., have deprived it of current income, and have helped to swell the floating debt at a time when refunding is impossible.

The extent of the involvement of the Kreuger companies is not yet known, but it is evident that a reorganization impends which will result in the dissolution of the existing heterogeneous combination.

Kreuger's immediate difficulty—if we leave aside justified health worries—was inability to find cash to refund a comparatively small amount of maturing short-term obligations. There was in particular a $20,000,000 loan in Sweden, for which bankers were pressing him. Other similar obligations may have amounted to $50,000,000, according to some press accounts. This would be a mere trifle for a $400,000,000 concern in normal times. But these are not normal times. Kreuger took over, as a last resource, the great Boliden gold-mine in northern Sweden, but had been unable to realize anything on the investment. He came to New York partly to get Wall Street help to stop the bear drive against his securities, and partly to secure a mere trifle of $10,000,000 in credit from the New York bankers. He returned to Paris, having failed in both efforts.

So, on Saturday, March 12, Ivar Kreuger quietly slipt out from his luxurious apartment—one of the several he maintained in the various capitals of the world—bought a pistol, came back, wrote a few letters, telephoned that he would be on hand at a Saturday noon-hour conference, then stretched out on his bed and put a bullet through his heart.

And there they found him. For a few hours the news was kept from the world. Then it broke. The Swedish Government called it a "national catastrophe," closed the Stock Exchange, and ordered a moratorium in connection with certain Kreuger concerns. On the New York Stock Exchange Monday morning, Kreuger and Toll American certificates, which had closed at $5 on Saturday, opened at 1⅞. And the volume of the selling of a particular security was the greatest in the history of the Stock Exchange, with one exception. The collapse in prices of Kreuger and Toll securities in recent months has been remarkable, altho it has been less conspicuous on account of the general bear market. Most Wall Street writers believe that the actual effect on the American financial structure will be very slight.



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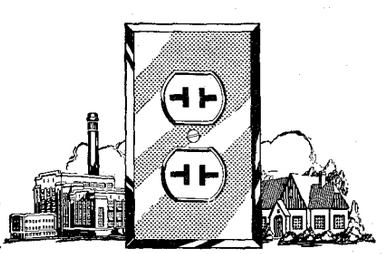

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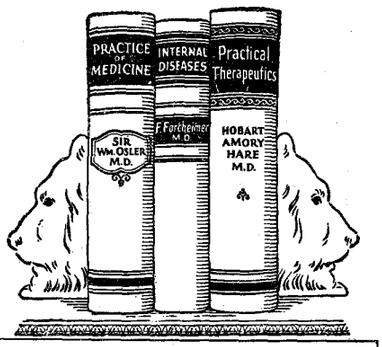

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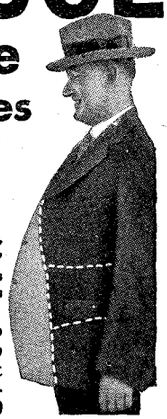

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The Gold Cure for Depression

THE idea that a first-class gold-rush would knock the depression into a cocked-hat has been advanced from time to time.

Now comes the assertion that something of the kind may reasonably be expected.

Mining engineers and statisticians anticipate startling new discoveries of gold or development of new methods of gold-ore treatment in the near future. And these same men, reports J. C. Royle in one of his Washington dispatches on business subjects, remind us that "every period of depression in which fear of gold shortage was a factor has been followed by such developments." As Mr. Royle looks back:

After the Mexican War, when readjustment was in progress and depression existed throughout the eastern section of the country, came the discovery of gold in California.

Following the Civil War, when the entire country was war-torn and in desperate straits financially, the Homestake mine in the Black Hills, one of the world's greatest producers, was opened up. It was followed by the discovery of the Comstock lode in Nevada and the tremendous Australian developments at Ballarat and Coolgardie, and in other sections of the antipodes.

In the period of the late 'eighties, when there was recession of business activities, came the finding at Cripple Creek of ore so rich that "high-graders" carried many thousands of dollars out in the legs of their overalls thrust into their boots. In this same period came the capacity operation of the Rand, which even now accounts for two-thirds of the world's gold production.

The depression of 1895-96 was followed by the discovery of the Klondike and by the commercial adoption of the cyanid process, which made productive millions of tons of low-grade ore and tailings from the old amalgamation mills.

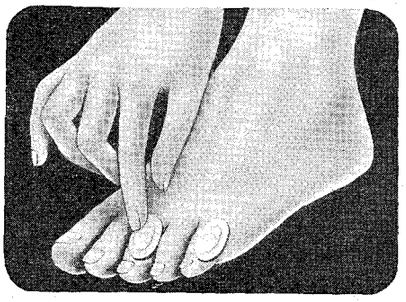
The 1906 panic was marked by the gold discoveries in Nevada around Goldfield and Tonopah. These were supplanted by the finds in Canada, which have made the Dominion second only to South Africa as a gold producer.

MINING engineers, we are told, don't think that the big gold discoveries have all been made. They agree with the old prospectors that "gold is where you find it." In several parts of Africa and in Asia Minor new deposits have recently been found in fields worked centuries ago.

But where will the next gold-rush be? Most of the experts, it seems, look toward Africa. They say, for instance, "that the placer gold of the Gold Coast was known in Europe as early as the tenth century, and that the mother lode from which these auriferous grains were washed still is to be discovered."

Geologists are said to feel that the northern section of Rhodesia, adjoining the Belgian Kongo, has potentialities as a gold producer. And it is suggested that "developments in Africa may be hastened by the closing down of the Kimberley diamond mines, which will probably send hundreds of mining men searching for treasure throughout the Dark Continent."

CORNS



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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

anchovy.—"P. S.," Newark, N. J.—The correct pronunciation is *an-cho'vi—a* as in *fat*, *ch* as in *chin*, *o* as in *go*, *i* as in *habit*.

feetage, footage.—"D. D. M.," Ford City, Pa.—The suffix *-age* is used with the singular form of a word to form a collective noun; for example, pound*age*, pilgrim*age*, leaf*age*; and so *footage*, not *feetage* is correct. In the language of the screen, *footage* is used to designate the length of a production computed in feet; otherwise the word is seldom heard.

frequenter, frequentest.—"E. B. H.," New Rochelle, N. Y.—These forms were in use in the early Stuart period, but have not come down in modern usage, in which "*more* frequent" and "*most* frequent" prevail.

heidenreich.—"J. D. H.," La Grande, Ore.—This word means literally "heaven kingdom." The pronunciation is *hai'den-raich—ai's* as in *aisle*, *e* as in *get*, *ch* as in *loch*.

hulche.—"P. E. S.," Fords, N. J.—Presumably you refer to the word *hulch*, a hump or hunch, adjectival forms of which are *hulched* and *hulchy*, all dialectal English or obsolete. The "u" is pronounced as in *but* and *gulch*.

incunabula.—"B. C. H.," Philadelphia, Pa.—This term is defined as: "1. The beginnings or the earliest monuments of an art, race, or other product of historical change or development; cradle; birthplace. 2. Specifically, specimens of printing and block-engraving that appeared before or soon after A. D. 1500; as, the Mazarin Bible (1450–1455)." The term is used as a noun plural. Specimens of *incunabula* are generally rare. They are sought after for their historical bearing on the art of printing, and, as in first editions of Greek and Latin classics, for their scientific value. The number of *incunabula* is estimated as upward of 20,000.

infect, infest.—"D. L. P.," Washington, D. C.—The first term means: "1. To affect sympathetically or by communication; imbue, especially with a noxious quality or principle; taint; render depraved. 2. To implant the germs or bacteria of disease or of fermentation; contaminate with infectious matter; as, the child is *infected* with scarlet fever; germs of typhoid *infect* wells." *Infest* means "to be present in so continually or in such numbers as to be a source of annoyance, trouble or danger; overrun; haunt; beset." Therefore, "the *infested* (overrun) areas of Idaho . . ." is correct.

pent-.—"M. E. C.," Port Jervis, N. Y.—The prefix *pent-* in *penthouse* is derived from the Latin *appendere*, which means "to hang something on another; to attach in a dependent state." The word was evidently from an early period associated with the French *pente* (slope) which in time became a regular element of the sense.

sepulcher.—"M. A.," Miami, Fla.—The pronunciation for the noun and verb is *sep'al-kar—e* as in *get*, *a's* as in *final*. Formerly, both the noun and the verb were stressed also on the penultimate. The accent of *sepul'cher*, substantive, was shifted to the antepenult before that of the verb. Fairfax in his "Tasso" (1600) used it both ways:

"As if his work should his *sepul'cher* be."

"The sacred armies, and the godly knight
Who the great *sep'ulcher* of Christ did free."

In using the verb, Shakespeare in his "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (act iv, sc. 2) employed the stress on the penult:

"Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence,
Or, at the least, in hers *sepul'chre* thine."

Milton, in his "Verses on Shakespeare," also placed the stress on the penult:

"And so *sepul'cher'd* in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

But, Ben Jonson in his "Epigrammes," lxiv (1616), used the same accentuation as we do to-day:

"I am glad to see that time survive,
When merit is not *sep'ulcher'd* alive."

By Bailey (1732) and Fenning (1760) the noun was stressed *sepul'cher*, but by the rest of the earlier lexicographers, from Johnson (1755) to Webster (1828), the stress was indicated *sep'ulcher*. Walker (1809) in his treatment of the word *as a noun* claimed that "Dr. Johnson tells us it is accented by Shakespeare and Milton on the second syllable," and to prove it cited quotations in which the word was used *as a verb*.

The verb was stressed on the first syllable by Fenning (1760), Buchanan (1766), Ash (1775), Perry (1777), and Webster (1828), but on the second by Johnson (1755), Sheridan (1780), Walker (1791 and 1809), Jones (1798), Fulton and Knight (1802), Enfield (1807), Jameson (1827), and Smart (1840).

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Listen to the Mocking-Bird. — WIFE (at bathroom door)—"Dinner's on the table, John. Hurry and finish your bath."

HUSBAND—"Coming, dear! Just one more stanza and I'm through."—*Boston Transcript.*

For a Rainy Day.—"I observe that you do a great many favors for that influential citizen."

"Those aren't favors," answered Senator Sorghum; "those are investments."—*Washington Evening Star.*

Student of Concentration.—IRATE PARENT—"Didn't I see you kiss my daughter, sir?"

NERVY YOUTH—"How should I know? Do you think I'd be gawking around when I was doing a thing like that?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Cajoling Lizzie.—One hears a great deal about the absent-minded professors, but none more absent-minded than the dentist who said soothingly as he applied the pliers to his automobile:

"Now, this is going to hurt just a little."—*Skelly News.*

Solid Ivory.—

Before they wed
She often said
He had a "marble brow."
After a year
All you'll hear
He is a "bonehead" now.
—*Florida Times-Union.*

Give 'Em a Blanket.—A man was complaining of the lack of warmth in the boarding-house in which he was staying.

"In the daytime it is bad enough," he said, "but at night I frequently wake up and hear my teeth chattering on the dressing table."—*Tit-Bits.*

Page Henry VIII.—The movie actor who had been divorced four times proposed again.

"Why, I rather like you, John," said the young woman, "but, you see, I've heard so many things about you—"

"My dear," interrupted the much-married actor, "you really must not believe these old wives' tales."—*Boston Transcript.*

Leading a Better Life.—A State health officer in Virginia relates in *The Survey* the story of a farmer who was delivering vegetables to a public sanitarium. A patient saluted him.

"You're a farmer, ain't yuh?"

The farmer allowed that he was.

"I used to be a farmer once," said the guest of the State.

"Did yuh?"

"Yes. Say, stranger, did yuh ever try bein' crazy?"

The farmer never had, and started to move on.

"Well, you oughta try it," was the ex-farmer's parting shot. "It beats farmin' all hollow."—*Christian Register.*

Quite a Traveler.—MRS. 'IGGINS—"That Mrs. Briggs was boastin' as 'ow she comes from a fine family. An' you've come a good way, I says, pleasant-like."—*Tit-Bits.*

Back With the Milk.—FIRST ESKIMO WIFE—"Does your husband stay out late during the winter nights?"

SECOND ESKIMO WIFE—"Late! Why, last night he didn't get home till half-past January."—*Passing Show (London).*

"I Saw It First!"
—"The New Yorker."

Long-Felt Want.—"Hello, is this the Better Business Bureau?"

"Yes."

"Well, how'd you like to come down and make ours a little better?"—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

Itching Salute.—FIRST GUEST—"I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel the Palms, do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place."

SECOND GUEST—"You'll see them before you go. It's a pleasant little surprize the whole staff keeps for the guests on the last day of their stay."—*Illinois Central Magazine.*

Turns of an Early Worm.—

How sweet to waken in the morn
When sunbeams first begin to creep
Across the lea—and then to lie
Right back again and go to sleep.
—*Youngstown Telegram.*

How sweet to waken in the morn
Without one bit of fear or doubt,
And sudden then to realize
The furnace fire is all but out.
—*Oakland Times.*

How sweet to waken in the morn
Without a care the mind to cumber,
Then hurry to the phone and find
Some ass is calling the wrong number.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Z-z-z-z!—Only by resolutely counting several zillion sheep did Mabel get any slumber that night.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Referred to Mr. Gershwin.—

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Air Compressors—Wrecking cranes, cylinder reboring outfits, grease guns, tire changers, jacks, electric motors.—*Ad in the Portland (Me.) Press Herald.*

Excusably Peeved.—

TWO BRITISH SEAMEN KILLED
LODGE PROTEST
—*Honesdale (Pa.) Independent.*

Wuxtry Speshul!—H. H. Brown, vice-president Great Northern Railway: "We look for improvement in 60 to 9000 days."—*Pontiac (Mich.) Daily Press.*

What Edgar Wallace Missed.—Of 85 murders in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1931, 33 were due to immortality, according to Police Commissioner Clifford Davis.—*Clinton (Iowa) Herald.*

Bring on the Pie.—Little if anything can be done to remedy the situation during the present stress, wherein the country has decided that nobody shall go hungry regardless of desserts.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Major Operation.—Geraldine O—— was home part of this week on account of blood-poisoning, caused from removing a week end.—*Westmoreland (Kan.) paper.*

Overcrowded, Too.—So stringent are bar examinations to-day that only 465 out of over 100 aspiring lawyers ever pass them.—*Spartanburg (S. C.) Herald.*

What Every Bride Should Know.—

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Rifle Club Preliminary Work Progresses Rapidly.

—*Manhattan (Kan.) Morning Chronicle.*

Alabama Nights.—What is the "Catnip Club"???? Yes, that is the paramount topic in the smart circles of local society to-day, many having received swank invitations to the opening party Friday evening in the beautiful bathroom of the Thomas Jefferson Hotel.—*Birmingham News-Age Herald.*

Try This on Your Xylophone.—For the delights added, to we of the family, our tree, the exchanges of tokens of fellowship and love, distributed by Satan and his loyal band of sprites, made the advent of the day of days as full of significance and pleasures, as will Christmas Day crown through realization.—*Altadena (Cal.) paper.*

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